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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa. By Lady Morgan. 8vo. 2 vols. London 1824. Henry Colburn.

LADY MORGAN having discovered in the character of Salvator Rosa, a spirit of independence and patriotism congenial to her own, has been induced to become the biographer of that great Artist and his Times. And in performing her task, she has displayed no slight love for her subject. Dull realities do not always stand in the way of more favourable and striking points of view; and the charm of high character and romance is thrown over the unrestrained conduct and stabbing exploits of the impetuous painter and the soldier in Massienello's famous band of murderers, — *La Compagnia della Morte*.

The poet tells us of "tones by distance made more sweet;" and such must be the effect of time on the memories of such men as Salvator. We do not mean to say that he was very different from or worse than the majority of the artists of his age. They were in fact, many of them, a gang of Thurtells; revelers, quarrellers, braves, poisoners, and assassins. The passions which in our time and country evaporate in the petty jealousies, envy, uncharitableness, and abuse, too general among the professors of the Fine Arts; in those days were manifested at the point of the sword and dagger. An Artist then did not slander only; but he killed his rival. Salvator, with all his genius, was in the moral scale worthy of his fraternity. A bandit in the wilds of the Abruzzi; his brother-in-law doomed and put to death for a capital felony; a conspirator with Massienello, and one, as we have noticed, of that bloody band which went about butchering all who were proscribed by Spagnuolo; ever at war with the world, and devoted to lawless excess in the enjoyment of his pleasures: he had but to set against this sad array of guilt and crime, his astonishing genius, not merely as a painter, but as a musician, an improvisatore, a scholar, and a poet. Indeed his powers seem to have been unbounded. Nature was prodigal to her favourite; and there is an energy and bravery about his character, that if they cannot make his vices respectable, at least render us lenient and piteous while we contemplate them. No wonder that they inclined his biographer, especially a female, to lean with mercy on his failings, and colour his good qualities with a high tone.

Lady Morgan has written in a florid and decided style, as if she had been an eye witness to the scenes and actions she describes. This, though it cannot add to the authenticity of her narrative, gives it freshness and force. As was to be expected from her pen, we find the Memoir infested with politics; and the Ultras and Legitimists, the houses of Hapsburgh, and Stuart, and Bourbon, are just as abominable at the beginning of the 17th, as those which remain of them are at the commencement of the 19th century. With these opinions, however, we shall have nothing to

do: they had nothing to do with the Life of Salvator; and are only defects in an otherwise spirited picture.

From Cimabue to Salvator Rosa and Carlo Maratti (its founder and latest ornaments) the Italian School comprised a period of nearly 500 years.* Salvator was born in 1615, and the account of this leading event in the life of man will afford a fair specimen of Lady Morgan's manner in these Volumes.

"Swelling from the base of the savage St. Elmo, smile the lovely heights of *San Martino*, where, through chestnut woods and vineyards, gleam the golden spires of the monastic palace of the Monks of the Certosa. A defile cut through the rocks of the *Monte Donzelle*, and shaded by the dark pines which spring from their crevices, forms an umbrageous pathway from the superb convent to the *Borgo di Renella*, the little capital of a neighbouring hill, which, for the peculiar beauty of its position and the views it commands, is still called '*l'ameno villaggio*.' At night, the fires of Vesuvius almost bronze the humble edifices of Renella; and the morning sun, as it rises, discovers from various points the hills of Vomiro and Pausilippo, the shores of Pozzuolo and of Baia, the islets of Nisiti, Capri, and Procida, till the view fuses into the extreme verge of the horizon, where the waters of the Mediterranean seem to mingle with those clear skies, whose tint and lustre they reflect.

"In this true '*nido paterno*' of genius there dwelt, in the year 1615, an humble and industrious artist called Vito Antonio Rosa, — a name even then not unknown to the arts, though as yet more known than prosperous. Its actual possessor, the worthy Messire Antonio, had, up to this time, struggled, with his good wife Giulia Grecco and two daughters still in childhood, to maintain the ancient respectability of his family. Antonio was an architect and land-surveyor of some note, but of little gains; and if over the old architectural portico of the Casaccia of Renella might be read —

Vito Antonio Rosa, Agremensore ed Architetto; the intimation was given in vain! Few passed through the decayed Borgo of Renella, and still fewer, in times so fearful, were able to profit by the talents and profession which the inscription advertised. The family of Rosa, inconsiderable as it was, partook of the pressure of the times; and the pretty Borgo, like its adjacent scenery (no longer the haunt of Consular voluptuaries — neither frequented by the great nor visited by the curious), stood lonely and beautiful, — unencumbered by those fantastic *belvederes* and grotesque pavilions, which in modern times rather deform than beautify a site, for which Nature has done all, and Art can do nothing.

"The cells of the Certosa, indeed, had their usual complement of lazy monks and '*Frati contesi*.' The fortress of St. Elmo then, as

now, manned by Austrian troops, glittered with foreign pikes. The cross rose on every acclivity, and the sword guarded every pass; but the villages of Renella, San Martino, of the Vomiro, and of Pausilippo, were thinned of their inhabitants to recruit foreign armies; and this earthly paradise was dreary as the desert, and silent as the tomb."

The family were steeped in poverty, and poor Vito was deeply distressed.

"Still, however, with few wants and a penurious economy, he had contrived to struggle on with his wife and daughters, in a sort of decent insolvency, when the birth of a son, in the latter end of the year 1615, came to raise the spirits of the family, as an auspicious event. The birth of a male child, among the Neapolitans, to whom female children are always a charge, was then, as now, considered a special favour conferred by the infernal saint of the family. Madonna Giulia had scarcely gotten over her *ricciamento* (a ceremony in which all the Neapolitan women, not of the lowest rank, indulge,) than she began to consult with the good Messire Antonio on the destiny of their infant child. He, 'good easy inn,' had but one proposition to make: it was, that his son should not be an artist, and, above all, that he should not be a painter; to which Madonna Giulia the more readily agreed, not only because she was herself, like her husband, come of a family of indigent artists, but because, at the very moment of this parental discussion, her brother, Paolo Grecco, was nearly starving in the midst of his own pots and palettes, in a little workshop in the *Strada Saggio del Nido*. Paolo Grecco was, in truth, but '*pittore assai mediocre*,' as one of the family chroniclers affirms; and he was chiefly employed (when he had employment), like others in his neighbourhood of the *Strada Saggio*, in painting family saints and padrona virgins, *ad bespoke*. From concurrent testimony it appears that Madonna Giulia was a devotee of the true Neapolitan cast — full of sanguine and familiar superstition. She saw the hierarchy of heaven, 'not as through a smoked glass, but face to face, could tell the colour of the Virgin's eyes, the number of St. Peter's keys, and had a gossiping acquaintance with every saint in the calendar. She wore her spindle in one side of her girdle, and her crucifix in the other, and spun and prayed with equal unction and facility; but, above all, she took no step, either with reference to this life or the next, without a special conference with her confessor and the Madonna. It was, perhaps, under the particular inspiration of both that she formed the idea, with the consent of the complying Vito Antonio, of devoting their son — their only son — to the church; or, in the words of the family historian, '*alla Lettura*,' for none then approached the Muses but in the livery of religion. The Italian poets of

* It was succeeded by the Flemish, which lasted above a century; and is now in turn, let us hope, superseded by the English.

* In Naples, the day after an accouchement, an assembly is held in the bedroom of the convalescent, to which all the gossips of the neighbourhood resort. It is called '*a reception*.'"

that age were at least Abbati; and the councils of the Della Crusca rarely admitted genius that came not duly labelled with the *petit collet*.

"The sacred calling of the future Reverendissimo began in the parish church of Renella, where, to secure his salvation by the shortest road to Paradise, he received at the baptismal font that name which was supposed to consecrate its owner to the special protection of Heaven,—the name of SALVATORE. 'For never,' says an Italian divine, 'has it been known that God has permitted the devil to torture in hell a man who bore this name.'

The destination for the Church led to one valuable result; for though the wild and irregular mind of Salvator broke through the restraints, yet the education he received was of infinite advantage to him. His bias for Art was early exhibited; and he was well flogged, when a child, for griming a church-wall over with burnt sticks. At the age of 16, he left his ecclesiastical school suddenly, and first devoted himself to Music, in which he composed skilfully. But an event occurred, which changed the destinies of his future life, and gave his love of painting the ascendancy.

"At one of the popular festivities annually celebrated at Naples in honour of the Madonna, the beauty of Rosa's elder sister captivated the attention of a young painter, who, though through life unknown to 'fortune,' was not even then 'unknown to fame.' The celebrated and unfortunate Francesco Francanzani, the innamorata of La Signorina Rosa, was a distinguished pupil of the Spagnoletto school, and his picture of San Giuseppe for the Chiesa Pellegrini had already established him as one of the first painters of his day. Francanzani, like most of the young Neapolitan painters of his time, was a turbulent and factious character, vain and self-opinionated; and though there was in his works a certain grandeur of style, with great force and depth of colouring, yet the impatience of his disappointed ambition, and indignation at the neglect of his acknowledged merit, already rendered him reckless of public opinion.

"It was the peculiar vanity of the painters of that day to have beautiful wives. Albano had set the example; Dominichino had followed it to his cost; Rubens turned it to the account of his profession; and Francanzani, still poor and struggling; married the portionless daughter of the most indigent artist in Naples, and thought perhaps more of the model than the wife. This union, and still more, a certain sympathy in talent and character between the brothers-in-law, frequently carried Salvator to the *stanzi* or workroom of Francesco. Francesco, by some years the elder, was then deep in the faction and intrigues of the Neapolitan school; and was endowed with that bold eloquence which, displayed upon bold occasions, is always so captivating to young auditors. It was at the foot of this kinsman's easel, and listening to details which laid, perhaps, the foundation of that contemptuous opinion he cherished through life for schools, academies, and all incorporated pedantry and pretension, that Salvator occasionally amused himself in copying, on any scrap of board or paper which fell in his way, whatever pleased him in Francesco's pictures. His long-latent genius thus accidentally awakened, resembled the *acqua viva*, whose cold and placid surface kindles like

spirits on the contact of a spark. In these first, rude, and hasty sketches, Francanzani, as Passeri informs us, saw '*molti segni d'un indole spiritosa*,' ('great signs of talent and genius,') and he frequently encouraged, and sometimes corrected the copies, which so nearly approached the originals. But Salvator, who was destined to imitate none, but to be imitated by many, soon grew impatient of repeating another's conceptions, and of following in an art in which he already perhaps felt, with prophetic throes, that he was born to lead. His visits to the workshop of Francanzani grew less frequent; his days were given to the scenes of his infant wanderings; he departed with the dawn, laden with his portfolio filled with primed paper, and a pallet covered with oil-colours: and it is said that even then he not only sketched, but coloured from nature (*dal naturale*.) When the pedantry of criticism (at the suggestion of envious rivals) accused him of having acquired, in his colouring, too much of the *impasto* of the Spagnoletto school, it was not aware that his faults, like his beauties, were original; and that he sinned against the rules of art only because he adhered too faithfully to nature. Returning from these arduous but not profitless rambles, through wildernesses and along precipices impervious to all, save the enterprise of fearless genius, he sought shelter beneath his sister's roof, where a kinder welcome awaited him than he could find in that home where it had been decreed from his birth that *he should not be a painter*."

Pursuing these rambles on a wider field, he became a prisoner and companion to a tribe of banditti, among whom he impressed his mind with those scenes and figures so often multiplied in his works. How he returned to civilized society is unknown; but he soon after attracted the notice of Lanfranco, then on a visit to Naples, and this was his first step to public fame, though it embroiled him with envious competitors, whose sneers and criticisms he answered by epigrams and satires.*

He was induced to go to Rome, the grand emporium of the Arts; but returned unsuccessful. He next painted at Viterbo, and attracted more notice, especially of Abbati the poet. Here he painted his only frescoes. Returning to Rome, his Prometheus completely established his great reputation; and thenceforward he was acknowledged as a master, and had only to struggle against contemporary opposition.

"All Rome was occupied with praising its beauties or decrying its faults. Envy and admiration were perpetually employed in analyzing its pretensions to the public suffrages. But the public, with its sure instinct, decided in favour of the laborious Salvatoriello of the *rivenditori* of the Piazza Navona; and the fame of the future historical painter was laid upon the firm basis of the public opinion."

This encouraged the painter to return to Rome under better auspices; but still he did not rise so fast as his ambition, and he took a strange means of obtaining more notorious popularity. During the carnival he disguised himself and some associates as mountebanks, and assuming the character of Formica (a

Neapolitan actor,) so distinguished himself by lashing and satirizing the follies and vices of the day, as to draw all Rome after his wit and humours. He was now courted by all ranks, and had more commissions than all his rapidity could execute, though he often finished a picture in one day.

"Rosa," says his biographer, "who was eminently musical, and accompanied himself on the lute with wondrous skill, now went from one conversation to another, singing and reciting, *at improviso*, thus extending his fame by giving himself up to society. He saw all Rome desirous to possess him; and it was now easy for him to make his singular genius known to all, not only as a painter, but a poet." It appears, in fact, from other testimony, that the lute and *canzonetti* of the delightful Neapolitan musician, *gli facessero strada nell'uscir fuori come Pittore*, "paved the way for the fame of the painter."

His character at this era is thus drawn:—"A stoic upon principle, but a voluptuary by temperament, Salvator endeavoured to assimilate opinions and tastes so little in accordance. Scarcely escaped from penury and absolute want, he already began to find

Le superflu, chose très nécessaire. His dress became as remarkable for its studied elegance, as it was affectedly free from the showy splendour of that ostentatious age. 'It was a fine sight (says his friend Baldinucci) to see him pass along the streets of Rome, with a certain dignified deportment, followed by a servant with a silver-hafted sword, while all who met him gave way to him.' The many pictures he painted of himself, and the descriptions left of his person by his contemporary biographers, are proofs that the personal vanity which his enemies have numbered among his vices, was not without some foundation; and it appears that if he had been good for nothing else, he would have been at least *bon à peindre*.

"A person so distinguished, a character so ardent, with passions which time failed to subdue, and an imagination which lent its magic even to the merest objects of sense, naturally involved him at this period of his life, and in a society where love was the business of all ages and ranks, in ties, to which he brought more truth, devotion, and sincerity, than he found.

"A cantata which he wrote at this period, and which was set to music by his friend Cesti, gives the impression of his being the most miserable and discontented of mankind. 'All his lyrics, (says the elegant writer, who first made them known to the English public,) all his lyrics were complaints against his mistress, or mankind. But in his fifth cantata, he deems his afflictions, like the stars of the firmament, countless; and makes the melancholy confession, that out of six lustres which he had passed, he had not known the enjoyment of one happy day."

We have not space to follow Salvator to Florence, where (when Rome was too hot to hold him) he resided nine years, indulging in every luxury. He here took to himself Lucretia, or as a gouvernante, and by her had two sons, one who died before, and one who survived him. Again at Rome, and living more magnificently, but not more happily than ever, he painted his *chef-d'œuvre*, Catiline's Conspiracy, and his St. Turpin, his last production of any note. Two or three extracts, by being connected, will tell his latter history:

"He was the first, himself, to feel that his

* His Satires have been recently published by Treutzel, Wurtz, &c. in a neat and moderate form. The *Notice* of his life, prefixed, is a brief but just memoir, and the Satires are correctly given. It is a good book for Italian readers. The portrait is very different from that to Lady Morgan's work. Which is right we know not, but there is no similarity in the features.

faculties were failing; and his brilliant spirit sunk at once under the painful and humiliating conviction. It was in vain that his family and his friends attempted to argue him out of this belief of a mental decline; against which, however, he struggled, by occasionally affecting to resume his art with all his wonted ardour. When they talked kindly but idly, he only shook his head significantly; and, in reply to some of their common-places of regret and condolence, was wont to answer—'It is the destiny reserved for those who would paint and write for eternity'—a bold, but in him not an unfounded boast! His family physician, and those who had most influence over him, endeavoured to dissuade him from all mental as well as manual occupation. His books and easel were removed, and he gradually sunk into a listless indolence, strongly contrasted to the wonted moral and physical activity of 'one who,' says Passeri, 'till now was always so worthily occupied.' A change in his complexion was thought to indicate some derangement of the liver, and he continued in a state of great languor and depression during the autumn of 1672; but in the winter 1673, the total loss of appetite, and of all power of digestion, reduced him almost to the last extremity. . . .

"The friends of Salvator now suggested to him their belief, that his disease was brought on and kept up by his rigid confinement to the house, so opposed to his former active habits of life; but when they urged him to take air and exercise, he replied significantly to their importunities, 'I take exercise! I go out! if this is your counsel, how are you deceived!' At the earnest request, however, of Penna, he consented to see him once more; but the moment he entered his room, he demanded of him, 'If he now thought that he was curable?' Penna, in some emotion, prefaced his verdict by declaring solemnly, 'that he should conceive it no less glory to restore so illustrious a genius to health, and to the society he was so calculated to adorn, than to save the life of the Sovereign Pontiff himself; but that, as far as his science went, the case was now beyond the reach of human remedy.' While Penna spoke, Salvator, who was surrounded by his family and many friends, fixed his penetrating eyes on the physician's face, with the intense look of one who sought to read his sentence in the countenance of his judge ere it was verbally pronounced;—but that sentence was now passed! and Salvator, who seemed more struck by surprise than by apprehension, remained silent and in a fixed attitude! His friends, shocked and grieved, or awed by the expression of his countenance, which was marked by a stern and hopeless melancholy, arose and departed silently one by one. After a long and deep reverie, Rosa suddenly left the room, and shut himself up alone in his study. There in silence, and in unbroken solitude, he remained for two days, holding no communication with his wife, his son, or his most intimate friends; and when at last their tears and lamentations drew him forth, he was no longer recognizable. Shrunken, feeble, attenuated, almost speechless, he sunk on his couch, to rise no more! . . .

"Early on the morning of the 15th of March, that month so delightful in Rome, the affectionate and anxious confessor, who seems to have been always at his post, ascended the *Monte della Trinità*, for the purpose of taking up his usual place at the bed's head of the fast-declining Salvator. The

young Agostino flew to meet him at the door, and, with a countenance radiant with joy, informed him of the good news, 'that his *Signor Padre* had given evident symptoms of recovery, in consequence of the bursting of an inward ulcer.'

"Baldovini followed the sanguine boy to his father's chamber. But, to all appearance, Salvator was suffering great agony. 'How goes it with thee, Rosa?' asked Baldovini kindly, as he approached him.

"'Bad, bad!' was the emphatic reply. While writhing with pain, the sufferer after a moment added:—'To judge by what I now endure, the hand of death grasps me sharply.'

"In the restlessness of pain, he now threw himself on the edge of the bed, and placed his head on the bosom of Lucrezia, who sat supporting and weeping over him. His afflicted son and friend took their station at the other side of his couch, and stood watching the issue of these sudden and frightful spasms in mournful silence. At that moment a celebrated Roman physician, the Doctor Catani, entered the apartment. He felt the pulse of Salvator, and perceived that he was fast sinking. He communicated his approaching dissolution to those most interested in the melancholy intelligence, and it struck all present with unutterable grief. Baldovini, however, true to his sacred calling, even in the depth of his human affliction, instantly dispatched the young Agostino to the neighbouring Convent *della Trinità*, for the holy Viaticum. While life was still fluttering at the heart of Salvator, the officiating priest of the day arrived, bearing with him the holy apparatus of the last mysterious ceremony of the church. The shoulders of Salvator were laid bare, and anointed with the consecrated oil; some prayed fervently, others wept, and all even still hoped; but the taper which the Doctor Catani held to the lips of Salvator, while the Viaticum was administered, burned brightly and steadily! Life's last sigh had transpired, as religion performed her last rite.

"Between that luminous and soul-breathing form of genius and the clod of the valley, there was now no difference; and the 'end and object' of man's brief existence was now accomplished in him, who, while yet all young and ardent, had viewed the bitter perspective of humanity with a philosophic eye, and pronounced even on the bosom of pleasure, 'Nasci pœnn—Vita labor—Necesse mori.'

Having rather transgressed our bounds, we can only add, that his School produced no worthy follower, and that many of his best pictures are in England.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Eugenia, or Early Scenes in Cumberland. By Marshall. 12mo. pp. 59. New York 1823. Carey & Co.

We lately reviewed an American Novel, and on the 24th ult. an American Play; from a later importation we are favoured, *inter alia*, with *Eugenia*, an American Poem. It is addressed to a Major Sydenham, whom the writer tries to propitiate, though, as he says, he "sees his curled lip and long-drawn sigh;"—so that *pishes* on the other side of the Atlantic must be of a more visible quality than they are with us.

The verse itself boasts of so much novelty, that we are not sure how we ought to class it. It is, perhaps, the classical of New York, as the first couplet may show:

The birth-day of another year, in fleecy mantle clad,

Awakes us to the haste of time;—who heeds it?

This bold and abrupt termination is effective; and the answer to the query is equally so:

Not thou, vain man, whose tale it tells, with emphasis most strong, [sighs]

'Twere wise in thee, to seize, precipitous its flight,

The poet then proceeds to draw a Winter-piece, with two persons and a dog struggling through the snow. These are the village curate and a plough-boy going to church,—a simple edifice, whose congregation is far superior to such as attends more lofty domes, where

Scented With perfumes, the glossy hair, close cropped or curled, as [pops forth] Fashion arbitrary exacts, his head the Minister From lofty Pulpit, hung with gilded trappings, Studios of graceful action, more than piety impressive,

Boisterous or smooth in accent, as art of rhetoric, [not impressive;] That would please the eye or ear, passing but While his eye assaunt to catch the thought of Well dressed belle—such are thy Ministers, the fashioned world.

Nevertheless, the curate returns from the service in a carriage, while our bard trudges home through the "gilded element." His reception is an exquisitely natural family picture.

The matron now, by age made peevish, in shrill Discordant accents commands, the feet made damp by [porous leather]

Contact with the element, that through the Communicantes, relieved from boot and sock, while with anxious [of]

Care, a ruddy girl, painted by nature, rich in tint Cheek and eye, dispatch'd, returns, bearing supply [which]

Of texture, differing and of various hue, from The good dame makes selection of the lamb's wool, [scent, Eugenia]

White and thick, meanwhile not humbled by the Dries with care, the feet in tender napkin; vain I avoid the

Service; with sweet solicitude of look, she wins me to consent [yielding rest]

With sock on slipper'd foot, projected the fender The text and sermons, critic employs the time while sweet [soul]

Eugenia with a seraph's smile, wins from my A sympathy; and while descant on duties of the day [corner]

Elicits warmth of piety, the antique clock, in Upright placed, proclaims the dinner hour. . . .

This Eugenia makes the tender impression upon the sensitive poet; he dreams of her on poppy pillow, and in the morning he confesses

Eugenia meets me as the parlour Neat with care of industry, the offspring receives my tread, and [licitious]

Now advancing, with a kiss I meet the group so To seal the morning salutation; her last of all With eye that tells some little choice, yet holy

Is the proffer'd gift, no passion wakes the number of [longer]

The blood unruly. But still she hangs a moment For 'tis woman's tender sympathy that yields her in

Extremes of love, or hate no medium regulates. Implacable, her hate all rage compared is mimic, so [purely]

In love when fixed, she still loves on, or premeditates. The steaming kettle on the trivet stands. . . .

The transition from the fine distinctions of the female heart to the steaming kettle, is simple, but beautiful in its simplicity; and from the kettle the author again returns to Eugenia very lovingly if not very grammatically.

Confound Within the cot, by damps unpleasant of the Melting snow, Eugenia with myself relieves

The tedium of the hour, by reading prose or Verse, alike our sympathies each beauty stamps, And each well pleased, on either smiles. Esteems With love allied, 'tis truly said where sexes Differ.

And so ends the first part. In the second, the poet soars to a higher flight, and after landing Napoleon, Bertrand and his wife, &c. assures us that the rock of St. Helena will be immortal; and adds—

Where then will be thy Vamped up colliquet of the Gaul, thou minion Wellington: think'st thou to share corvial ho-Vain thy hope. . . . [ours,

But we love better to trace the hero of the song (his own song) in the progress of his amour:

— The softness of the air invites our Rove; with Sattin Pelisse that close drawn around, Displays the Symmetry of form it clasps, and Gipsev Bonnet trimmed with gaily coloured ribbon,

Tied beneath a chin Italian—she claims my Arm through fields of early springing herbage, We trip 'till quickened pace suffuses all the face Nature's rouge. . . . [with

Among other sights they see the village school, of which the master

From Scotia he, Where parsimony reigns, her soas are erudite, No less pedantic; a hardy race, and provident They live where others starve. . . .

But we can pause no longer, for the de-nouement, which is worthy of the American Pindar:

Too distant To await approval of my friends, Atlantic Rolls between, and hastening, proud of alliance form'd by

Love, the day's appointed. The morn arrives, Array'd in lily frock, semblance of innocence, My bride/elect appears; and now the bridal Party join; I lead the blushing virgin to the altar.

And now the gratulation of the crowd alarms My bride, who seeks upon my bosom shelter. A band of rural youths with rural flutes, While the old Village Fiddler aids, on wooden Leg, to harmonize their strains, as coupled in procession, we seek in open air Where tables spread with simple stores innoxious, Invite the groupe increasing, as more distant Neighbours reach the revels late, with mirth And wine enliven'd, the hours pass Till night descends, and, hastening with Eugenia to the Cottage deck'd with Evergreens, kneeling at the Grandam's feet, She yields a benison—and *****

We cannot follow the poet in his warmth beyond his stars; and have only to congratulate him on his happiness in Carolina, where with Eugenia he

asks no pageant to Amuse the eye, no galls rout or soiree, Nor even the drama.

Is not he himself a farce?

The Pleasures of Poverty. By Solomon Southwick. 8vo. pp. 80. Albany 1823. Johnson, jun.

THE Pleasures of Poverty is a good subject, but Mr. Southwick has not done it justice. He wants the enthusiasm and true love for his theme, without which no writer can ever be great. One genuinely inspired, for example, would set out with a brilliant eulogium upon Poverty. The poor man is not cheated, he is not spoilt by flatterers, he is not brought to the grave painfully and prematurely through indulgence in luxury. Some men are neglected by the world,—the poor man never: his door is besieged by many more visitors than he can possi-

bly receive, and he lives in their memory constantly. The rich man is full of cares and anxieties; the poor man has little or nothing to care about, and his unfettered mind is free to expatiate over all the regions of imagination. In fine, every thing is to be said in praise of poverty; or as our author states, its "stings are so many stimuli to excellence in the arts of life." In verse he contrasts its delights still more forcibly with the ills attendant upon wealth:

Now, round the festive board the gorging throng Give scope to wine, and brandy, smut and song, And smoke and puff, and proudly think the while, No joys like these can Poverty beguile! Ah! sons of Pride, how little do ye know, From Poverty what high-born pleasures flow! In sensual, gormandising scenes ye live— But what the flimsy joys that these can give, Compar'd with such as Poverty reveals To all who glory in her scanty meals. . . .

We presume that the manners and enjoyments of the aristocracy in Mr. Southwick's native land are here drawn from the life; and truly if it be so, the joys of scanty meals must be preferable to those of refined society. We say nothing of the originality of the lines; but as, like the rest of the poem, they are nearly all mere paraphrases of remembered scraps, we think we may be excused from going farther with this second Trans-atlantic Maro.

A Summer Month, or Recollections of a Visit to the Falls of Niagara and the Lakes. 12mo. pp. 250. Philadelphia 1823. Carey & Lea.

WE have in this little work a very slight but rather pleasing and apparently an unbiassed view of what struck the writer (a Mr. Dalton we believe) on the tour designated in his title-page. As it is well to hear the opinion of a native on the matters which were presented for remark, we shall transcribe a few passages relating to different subjects, and illustrative of Mr. D.'s style and way of thinking. At a Mohawk Indian village, the reflections are distressing to humanity.

"The condition of the half-civilized Indian has not been materially benefited. His mind has become less active, his body enfeebled, and his cabin the receptacle of sloth and filthiness. Scarcely an instance is known of an Indian emerging from an uncivilized state, without sinking in the scale of being."

On the Canada side of the Niagara, "perched on a blasted pine, two eagles sat, as if portending that these domains, one day seceding from the British crown, would rally under the banner of that nation, which has adopted this soaring bird as the emblem of her glory. America may be said to possess the comprehensive grasp, and penetrating eye of the eagle; and continues with youthful vigour to make advances in improvements,—in agriculture,—and in commerce."!!!

We shall add but one quotation more, on account of its being characteristic.

"On arriving at Plattsburgh it was intimated by our captain, that the steam-boat would remain an hour. Seven of our company, of whom I was one, made up our minds to visit the town, and go in search of the battle grounds. We proceeded along the margin of the little bay, and through part of this neatly situated place, on the declivity of a hill, when it was suggested that we ought to make some inquiries. Accordingly accosting a townsman, we desired him to show us the battle grounds. He observed, 'they are over there;' but this reply not being satisfactory to some of our party, and the man moving on,

was asked to be more particular: To which he answered, 'That they (the people of this place) were not fighting characters.' At which our party began a laugh; this the man mistaking, as if personally intended, declared that we might see the battle ground without going any farther, for he would fight either one of us singly. In this mood we left him; and changing the inquiry to an honest farmer on horseback, addressed him by the milder salutation of 'my friend.'—'Oh!' said he, 'we have forgotten all about such things now, and it is best not to bring up the subject, but try to be neighbours; we are all peaceable on this side.' From the disposition of the man, it appeared that he spoke as he thought; and wishing to turn the conversation, began to inquire where we were from? Such parley not exactly corresponding to our wishes, we broke off from this sturdy son of Cincinnati, and took the course which to ourselves seemed most likely to lead to the grounds.—We had not time to reach, but saw them at a distance. Not having perfectly satisfied our curiosity, and wishing to be more certain, on returning we met a party of young ladies, and so believed ourselves now under fairer prospects of success. One of our number politely accosted them with the same question which had been put on the two former occasions. It was prefaced with an air of good humour, which told that the inquirer really felt a solicitude. The damsels, with wistful tenderness, each caught a look from the other, till one, more bold than the rest, came out with a—'Sir! you are not in the road, Sir!' Not in the road to the battle grounds? repeated our spokesman. 'No, Sir; indeed you are not, Sir.' Finding ourselves completely foiled a third time, and the laugh turning upon us, he continued pointing towards the direction in which we had been walking; 'Is this then, or that, the right way?' To which they said, 'That is best known to yourselves; and how should we know any more?' With which they left us, observing, that 'we had better go on board and mind our own business.'"

Sketches of India. Written by an Officer. 8vo. Longman & Co. New Edition.

WE seldom recur to new editions of books to which we have paid the due tribute on their first appearance; but the present publication contains *Addenda* so well worthy of the popularity of the Author of the "Recollections of the Peninsula," &c. that we are tempted to become again his debtor. The following delightful paper is entitled *The Feast*, and will, we are sure, be read with great interest.

"One of the greatest Hindoo festivals in the Carnatic is held annually at Conjeveram. It is called the Garudastavam, and celebrates the descent of the god Vishnu upon earth. For ten successive days a small, holy, and ancient image of the god is either borne in triumphal procession among his delighted followers, or exposed to their adoring gaze in the courts of his temple. For ten days the streets are thronged with Brahmans and fakirs, pilgrims from afar, and peasants from the neighbourhood. Nothing is heard but the frenzied shout of the exulting fanatic, or the song of the merry idler, whom the season of holiday sets loose from his wonted toil.

"I chanced to be stationed within a few miles of Conjeveram at the period of this festival, in June 1822, and I went over to enjoy the scene. It was at the second hour after midnight that I mounted my horse, and rode forth alone. There had been rain in the night; the moon was still up; and all around, and on my path, whether tree or shrub, grass, or

gravel-sand, or pool of water, was glistening and silvery.

"My heart beat happily as I looked about me, and though alone, I felt not lonely; no, not even when the moon set, and left me in darkness. The old world was present to my imagination; I was on my way to gaze on a scene familiar to those nations whose history and fate are recorded in the sacred page of the Old Testament,—a scene only to be now viewed among the idolaters of India.

"As I approached the town, I entered upon the more public road, and found numbers of native peasants in groupes of families, some with burthens on their heads; others with children in their arms, or on their hips,* of leading those who could run alone; some aged, and bending to their tall staves; all pressing on with a noiseless foot-fall, and that silent heart-throbbing eagerness with which, in all countries, we hasten to a high place of public and solemn assembly.

"My guide led me to the choultry whither the procession was to come, instead of to the gate of the pagoda, whence it first issues; so that I lost the moment when, with the break of day, the doors of the temple are thrown open, and the breathless multitude behold, and bow before their god; light the incense on their small censers; and break and pour out the milk of their cocoa-nuts; and send up those maddening cries with which they hail the revered image glorified, as they believe it to be, by a present deity.

"Directed by the sound of the tumult, and the hurried movement of the crowds, I soon discovered the procession. It was led by one of their wandering saints, a hale old man, with a flowing white beard, robes of deep salmon colour, and a turban of the same, but high and mythic in form. He brandished in his right hand a staff with an iron head, in shape like the sceptre of Vishnu; and he sang aloud, and danced with a wild rotatory motion.

"Some twenty men followed, mounted on Brahminy bullocks, and beating tontoms. Next four elephants with banners, and the nagara or large royal drum. Long files of dancing girls, with joys and flowers in their shining hair, came after, linked hand in hand, and moving in measured steps to the music of the temple. Then the image of the god,† borne on the bowed neck of Ganida,‡ with attendant Brahmins, and the umbrella § and chowrie ¶ of sovereignty. All these were carried on a vast platform raised far above the heads of the crowd. A throng of officiating Brahmins, with their peculiar complexion and shaven crowns, closed the procession; and their chant, now loud and nasal, now deep and musically so, reminded me strongly of the convents and cloisters of the far West.

"But why does such a thought intrude? Look around on the dark multitude—mark their dress and ornaments—look at those 'round tires like the moon' on the heads of the women—observe those fakirs, the one with the iron rods forced through his skin all festered and bloody, the other suspended from the branch of that tree, his head downwards,

* The Indian mother often, indeed generally, carries her child astride on her hip, which she protrudes for that purpose."

† The image of Vishnu was very small, adorned with jewels most richly, and clothed with brocade."

‡ The Ganida is represented by the figure of a man larger than life, with the head of an eagle; the whole of gilt copper."

§ The well-known emblems of Indian royalty."

and a fire under it, and a third near them, his head buried under a heap of earth, and his naked and disgusting body protruded on your path. Come here to the idol-maker's stall: what will you carry back, poor travel-worn pilgrim, to your distant cottage? Here are all your gods—all their symbols—all the little vessels for sacrifice. Nay, I smile not on you in scorn, but in pity.

"Great God! I'd rather be A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn, So might I, standing on some pleasant lee, Have glimpses which might make me less forlorn; than walk this world in name a Christian, but in heart a sceptic.

"We dined, a large party of us, with Mr. C. the acting collector and magistrate, on the evening of this day, at his temporary bungalow in the town, and were summoned from table soon after nine to meet the night-procession. The order of it was like that of the morning, but now Vishnu rode upon a gilt and glittering figure of Hanuman, the monkey-god; the platform was lighted up, hundreds of the attendants were bearing torches, and about fifty men carried large tressels, whose trident heads were all flame: they were firing off rockets on all sides, and just after we came out, the procession halted. A large space was cleared; there was a good show of fire-works; and two immense colossal figures of pasteboard, well dressed, and admirably managed, danced to the loudly laughing crowds; and here in the midst of this multitude were a dozen of us pale Europeans, a rajah and two of his sons, and a wealthy native merchant, seated on English arm-chairs. I shall never forget the scene; I had feared that the moon would spoil the effect of the lights and fire-works, but no; there was much sulphureous blue in the fire-works, and the flaring blaze of the torches gave to the leaves of the tall cocoa-trees, which line the streets, a metallic brilliancy: on many of them were clusters of Indian boys, every house-top, every broken wall, was covered with groupes, thronging as bees swarm, and a dense moving mass filled the streets. I was much delighted with the picture, yet I did, at times, look up to the blue cloudless vault of heaven, and to the golden stars, and, as I gazed upon the moon shining in calm majesty, the tumult of my spirits was repressed and repressed.

"We accompanied the procession to the Muntipum,* and saw the natch girls dance before the god. They were none of them remarkable for beauty, but the dress, and the measured step, and movement of the arms, cannot be viewed with indifference by any one for whom historical or poetical associations have charms.

"The next morning I saw the image of Vishnu borne on a huge coiled serpent of gilt metal, with a spreading hood, and seven heads of silver, over-arching and canopying the god, and it trembled as it moved.

"I afterwards rode home, but returned to witness the Rutt Jatra. The night before, a curious ceremony takes place: the Vishnavites carry their god on a huge gilt elephant to insult the temple and the followers of Siva. This has been customary for centuries, and was once a constant cause of tumult and bloodshed. Now there is a particular pillar to which they may go: a servant of the company is always present, and it ends, if not in good humour, at least harmlessly. I saw this folly: their expression of contempt is not different from that adopted by common consent

* Small Temple of Rest."

into all pantomimes, whether Dutch, Italian, or English. The god and the elephant turn their rumps towards the front of Siva's temple, and are thrice propelled to the permitted point with the shout and the gesture of insult; some of the Vishnavites appeared quite mad, they leaped on each other's shoulders, shook their large torches, and sang defiance.

"It was at day-break on the following morning that I saw the Rutt in motion, and certainly it is a sight for the traveller: the platform of this car or temple is five and thirty feet from the ground, and the tapestried canopy and its supporters and decorations five and thirty feet higher; it is capable of containing twenty or thirty Brahmins; the whole is solid, strong, curiously carved, and heavy; the wheels are ten feet in diameter, solid, and of enormous thickness. Four cables, one hundred yards in length, are attached to it, and with shoulders under, or hands on these cables, there are certainly not less than two thousand labourers engaged in drawing it along. On it moves, high above the up-lifted faces of the crowded worshippers;† these press to come near, throw up (with money) an offering of cocoa-nuts; the attendant Brahmins break and present them to the god, and cast them down again, thus consecrated, to the wretched, yet glad devotee, who shares them with the family he brought up to the feast, and with which he has to retrace the long and weary way to his native village.

"This Rutt is dragged through the principal streets, and on its return, when it arrives within about a hundred yards of the spot where it is to be drawn up, there is a shout and a yell, the movement is more rapid, and fearfully it towers and totters along till its ponderous wheels are again bedded in their resting place.

"During the whole of this scene, numbers of young Brahmins, armed with thongs of the deer,‡ are leaping about in the crowd, striking now those who drag the car, now those who press upon their path, and you may observe wealthy and well-dressed men come and just put their hand over to touch the rope, and claim the merit of having dragged the car. The women hold up their little children above their heads, and every sight and sound speak tumultuous joy. But let us pause, the crowds are dispersing:—Who are those twenty or thirty poor men covered with sweat and dust, looking toil-worn and hungry, and now salaaming with fear to that stern Brahmin? They are village coolies, who were pressed and driven in to drag the car of Vishnu, the lowest of whose followers would spurn them from his path.

"And here, come into this tope; and down to the edge of this tank; look at these groupes of poor families with their small and insufficient portions of cold rice. They are not acknowledged, even by the Soodras, but they wear the mark of Vishnu; class themselves among his humble followers; have come up to the feast, to worship, and make the offering of their little all; and will now go home, and practise the most painful economy for a year to come. Now enter the courts of this temple; here all is feasting and smiles; these groupes of sleek fat men are officiating Brahmins, who are partaking of an entertainment provided for them by that black Hindoo merchant of the Bhyse cast, with diamonds in his ears, and cunning

† Here the devotees do not throw themselves under the car, as at Juggernaut."

‡ The skin of the deer is not considered as polluting."

in his eyes, who has come up from Madras for the occasion.

"Such is an Indian festival pictorially sketched: it were a long, long comedy if I attempted to carry my reader behind the scenes, among Shenitadars, Moonshees, Peons, and the whole herd of petty oppressors; a comedy, I say, but I mean it not unfeelingly: the word tragedy I reserve for higher and more serious considerations, for can there be a deeper or more awful one, or one more afflicting to the heart of the believing Christian, than to look upon these millions, feeding on ashes, their deceived hearts turning them aside, holding fast a lie in their right hands, and seeing not the cup of astonishment and desolation prepared for them?"

A Translation of all the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French Translations, which occur in Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England; and also in the Notes of the Editions by Christian, Archbold, and Williams. By J. W. Jones, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 250. London 1823. C. Reader.

Among the standard works in English literature, few have merited and acquired a higher degree of celebrity than that to which the present little manual is designed to serve as an appendage. Every British subject who has been liberally educated, steadfastly purposes, on arriving at man's estate, to study Blackstone's Commentaries; but we apprehend that this laudable resolution is carried into full effect in very few instances, and the book, like many others of primary utility, is more talked about than read. Without examining the numerous reasons which might be assigned for this neglect, we may on the present occasion observe, that one great obstacle to a regular and advantageous perusal of the work is the frequent recurrence of extracts, in several foreign and some comparatively obsolete languages, from early writers on jurisprudence, which the author has introduced as illustrations, and has forborne to translate, in deference to the presumed qualifications of those for whose instruction the Commentaries were, in the first instance, chiefly intended. Hence it is extremely difficult for the great majority of lay readers, who are anxious to participate in the advantages derivable from this luminous exposition of the principles of British jurisprudence, to ascertain the meaning of many important passages without the aid of lexicographical authorities, that are now become scarce; and they are obliged either to content themselves with an imperfect and often erroneous estimate of the author's arguments, or wholly to abandon the perusal of them.

To such persons the volume before us will afford a timely and most acceptable relief. By presenting a full, clear, and satisfactory interpretation of the passages in question, it will enable the reader at once to perceive their connexion with the reasonings and statements of the author, and thus facilitate the attainment of those objects for which the book is either regularly perused or occasionally consulted.

With the exception of those passages which have been interpreted by the author or his editors, all the quotations and phrases in foreign languages are translated in the order of their occurrence, a reference being prefixed to each, corresponding with the marginal paging of the volume in which they occur. They are divided into four parts, which may

either be attached separately to their respective volumes, or retained in their present collective form. The latter alternative appears decidedly preferable, as it enables the reader to pursue his study with the explanations open before him; while, in the former case, it would be necessary for him to undergo the trouble and interruption of turning to the end of the book for every explanation required. All the original passages are copied into the volume; and hence the reader may not only very readily advert to any of them, but also satisfy himself concerning the accuracy of the translations respectively subjoined.

From this brief account, the utility of the work must, we think, be clearly apparent. It will probably induce many persons to enter upon the perusal of the Commentaries, who have hitherto been deterred by an apprehension of the difficulties which it is intended to remove; and to those who have been able to acquire but a vague and imperfect knowledge of that estimable work, it will afford a powerful incitement to the renewal of their studies with the certainty of a more satisfactory result.

A Week's Amusement; translated from the French of M. L. Nicloux. By A. W. Barnes. 12mo. pp. 216. London 1823. C. Chapple.

We trust that our cordial approbation of this simple little volume will recommend it to many of our readers who are interested in the education of youth, and feel the strong necessity of forming the mind upon sound principles. The six Tales of which it consists, are very pleasant, and inculcate in an agreeable, though suitable and impressive way, lessons of conduct and virtue which cannot be learnt too soon. Nor is it so easy a matter as is commonly imagined, to write works of this class. We know very few books purporting to be produced for the moral instruction of the young, which do not incidentally, if not directly, teach the worst of vices. The main story, it is true, and the reflections generally, point right; but from the want of a fine and clear perception of human nature in its innumerable bearings, we seldom observe a consistency in the minor parts, which, however, ought all to tend to the same direction with the leading illustration. Our meaning may be more fully explained by the only slight error of the kind which we can detect in the present publication. In a piece calculated to show that beauty without intelligence is inferior to homeliness combined with information, the Beauty (Henrietta) at first captivates the hero, but he discovers her ignorance, and in the end espouses the cultivated, though plain, Louisa. Henrietta has sung *Viv' Enrico* divinely, and the lover says—

— "Mademoiselle d'Elmar, really you sing with an expression that is surprising; and I clearly perceive that you are the devoted friend of our hero. Ah!—but the misfortunes of that unhappy prince would have been alleviated if he had had the sweet melody of your voice to accompany him in his exile!"

"Henrietta was aware that what the Count had said, was intended to compliment her, but she would willingly have passed it over; she never had been fond of history, had never studied it, and consequently was little desirous of having an historical subject brought forward in conversation. She only smiled and thanked him.

"Tell me, I pray," rejoined the Count, "which of the great actions performed by our Henry has the glory of your admiration?" Henrietta's face was covered with blushes—what reply could she make? She was not acquainted with a single trait of his character, and began to feel herself in a very awkward situation; but, Louisa perceiving it, rose, and taking part in the conversation, said, "I believe that I know sufficiently my cousin's sentiments to assert for her, that Henry is her favourite hero; for when at the head of his victorious army, at the time he was laying siege to Paris, he not only knew how to forgive, but even to relieve the distresses of the people; not as an enemy, but as a friend, and an ally."

Now the mistake in this is, that Louisa, to cover her friend's confusion, is made to tell an *amiable lie*; and yet the impropriety and danger of amiable lying might serve as well as any other subject "to point a moral, and adorn a tale."

But we do not adduce this example in censure of "A Week's Amusement"; which is as proper a book, to be put into the hands of children from six years of age to sixteen, as any recent publication of the class which has issued from the press. Indeed, we think so well of it, that we will in exemplification quote one of the Tales; not as being the best, but, from its shortness, the most eligible for our pages.

"On Rashness."

"One fine Spring morning a butterfly entered a room, and settled itself upon a porcelain vase, that stood near the chimney-piece.

"Oh, what a beautiful butterfly!" exclaimed Helena de Stainville. "I must catch it"—she ran with eagerness to seize the insect, it flew away; in attempting to stop its flight her hand struck the vase, it fell on the ground, and was broken into a thousand pieces.

"What have I done!" cried the frightened Helena, "how could I be so rash! Some one knocked at the door; it was her mother.

"She was collecting the pieces together at the moment her mother entered the room. 'What are you doing?' Madame de Stainville asked, seeing Helena kneeling upon the carpet; 'What is that amuses you so, my dear?' Helena rose slowly, and with a mournful look shewed the fragments she held in her hand, and said, 'My dear mamma, in my eagerness to catch a beautiful butterfly which had settled upon the vase, I upset it, and unfortunately it fell down and was broken, as you perceive.'

"What a pity," said Madame de Stainville. 'That beautiful vase, which I have had for so many years. Helena! Helena! you are more childish than ever, you have arrived at an age to know better; when shall I see the day when you will reform?'

"Oh soon, my dear mamma," replied she, throwing her arms round Madame de Stainville's neck; 'the vase will be a lesson to me for the future; you shall not have cause to complain of me again, I promise you.'

"Then I will accept your promise, and say nothing more about it," rejoined her mother; 'give me the broken pieces, that I may put them away, and let us think no more of this misfortune. Put on your cloak, and go and call your brother, that he may accompany us, for I am going to pay a visit to Madame Van Venorson.'

"Helena went to do as she was directed,

and having found her brother, they set out to pay their visit.

"When they arrived at the borders of the river Amstel, Madame Stainville ordered a boat. They had not proceeded far before they saw a barge coming towards them; the boatmen cried, *Stoop down, stoop down*. Helena rose from her seat, to see what was the matter; the rope caught her under the arms, and instantly she was precipitated into the water. 'Oh! my poor girl,' screamed her mother.—Augustus plunged in the river, and succeeded in catching hold of her cloak—he swam with her for about a minute, but his strength was failing fast, and both would have been drowned had not the bargemen come to their assistance. They threw a cord to Augustus, which he laid hold of with one hand, keeping his sister tight with the other, until they were drawn on shore, where they were received in the arms of the men, Helena pale and frightened, Augustus weak and exhausted. 'They are saved! they are saved!' cried Madame de Stainville, sinking on her knees and clasping her hands; 'Almighty God, I thank thee.'

"As soon as she had recovered from her agitation, she begged the bargemen to see if they could find a sledge; they hastened to comply with her request, and soon returned with one; the children were put into it, and they made the best of their way home: when they arrived there, Madame de Stainville ordered a warm bed to be prepared, into which Helena and her brother were put, and happily they soon recovered.

"As soon as she could collect her spirits sufficiently, she called her daughter to her and said, 'My Helena, I trust that you now see the danger to which this apparently simple want of consideration will lead. It was by the greatest miracle that your life was preserved to-day, and if it had not been for your brother, you would certainly have perished; or rather if it had not been for the infinite goodness of Providence, both of you would have been lost to me for ever. I intreat you, before it is too late, to correct yourself, and not cause our mutual misery,' Helena sighed.—'Do not be sad, my dear,' said her mother, tenderly, 'but remember what has passed, and apply it to your advantage.' Helena kissed her mother, it was the only answer she could make. 'I understand you, my dear, that will suffice; go and play with your brother.'

"Helena quitted the chamber, and went to find Augustus, who was in the garden. 'I feel very melancholy,' (said she to him,) and am come to divert myself with you; in what manner shall we amuse ourselves?'

"'I am spreading this rose-tree against the wall,' replied Augustus; 'but if you wish, I will resign it to you; shew me your taste, it is in good condition.' Augustus left the rose-tree and commenced swinging. Helena was very busy, pruning the branches, until she thought she had formed it into a good shape. 'Oh! I have made it so pretty,' she exclaimed, 'come and look.' Augustus, who was swinging with all his force, did not hear what she said. 'Come and see how prettily I have arranged it.'—Augustus still remained swinging. 'Oh! the jealous boy, he will not admire what I have been doing: I will swing him, that I will!'

"She ran with the knife with which she had been pruning, and cut the cord—Augustus fell on the ground; she instantly burst

into a fit of laughter, and exclaimed, 'There, now how well you swing!'

"'Oh! do not laugh,' screamed poor Augustus, 'Oh! my arm! my arm!'

"'What is the matter?' she asked, in the greatest agitation; 'are you ill, my dear brother?'

"'Do not be alarmed,' he replied, 'only assist me to get up—I fear my arm is out of joint.'

"'Out of joint!'

"'I am afraid so, but do not make yourself uneasy, perhaps I may be mistaken.'

"She tried to assist him in getting up, but her strength was not sufficient.

"'Call the servant,' said he, 'but do not make any noise; let us hope, after all, it is only a little bruise.'

"Helena went to seek for the servant, and having found him, they returned and assisted Augustus to rise; the pain he felt, particularly in his arm, prevented him from walking steadily, but at length they succeeded in conducting him into the kitchen. A surgeon was sent for, who examined the arm. 'Is there any danger?' asked Helena, with a trembling voice, addressing herself to the surgeon; who shook his head and answered, 'The arm is out of joint, but let us hope for the best.' 'Oh! unhappy girl that I am,' cried Helena, 'Oh my poor brother, to what at length has this cruel inconsiderateness of mine brought you!'

"Augustus was undressed and put to bed. 'It was impossible to conceal the event from Madame de Stainville, who soon heard of it. 'Alas,' she exclaimed, 'there is no happiness for me. Helena's rashness of temper destroys all my hopes; this is not what I anticipated from her in her infancy.'

"Several days passed away in profound sadness—the sufferings of Augustus, the sorrow of Helena, and the unhappiness of Madame de Stainville, added to the melancholy scene. No one could be more miserable than Helena; she now saw the dreadful effects of her inconsiderateness, and would neither be consoled nor pardon herself. At length the prospect was changed; Augustus gradually regained his health, and with it his strength.

"Madame de Stainville became once more happy, and past misfortunes were forgotten. Helena resumed her accustomed cheerfulness: she had, as she thought, made a lasting resolution for her future conduct, and her mother resolved to celebrate the return of tranquillity and happiness, by giving a little entertainment to all her young friends and acquaintances. The evening being arrived, those who were invited, assembled—the amusements commenced; and by way of an agreeable surprise, music was introduced, and preparations were accordingly made for dancing. Suddenly a dreadful noise, and cries of Fire! fire! resounded through the house; every person endeavoured to get to the door, and the greatest consternation prevailed. Madame de Stainville thought of nothing but the safety of her visitors and children—they quitted the house—the flames appeared, and assistance was called for; water was obtained, and at length, by dint of the greatest personal exertions, the fire was extinguished: fortunately there were no lives lost; but the house, money, papers, in short every thing it contained, was swallowed by the devouring element.

"Poor Madame de Stainville, with a heart

nearly broken, contemplated the ruin of her own and children's fortunes.

"'Oh! my God!' exclaimed Helena, falling on her knees, and clasping her hands together, 'it is I who am the unhappy cause of this dreadful spectacle; I left a candle by my bed-side, and forgot to extinguish it! Alas! alas! behold the direful consequences of my unconquerable carelessness.'

"The words of Helena fell like a thunder-bolt, upon the ears of Madame de Stainville, who, raising her eyes towards heaven, said, 'Oh Almighty Father, I acknowledge the justness of thy decree; if I had watched over and sufficiently corrected in her infancy, this fault of my child, we should not now have experienced this sad reverse of fortune—thou hast punished the guilty, and I calmly resign myself to thy divine will!'

"May the fate of Matilda de Stainville and her daughter, be an example for posterity. A single imprudence will destroy the effects of years of care; a single vice, a thousand good qualities."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, Feb. 13, 1834.

A CURIOUS circumstance has happened to the Royal Society of *Bonnes Lettres*: Last year they offered a prize for the best poem on the Spanish Invasion; in a solemn sitting, and after a long and splendid discourse by M. Charles Lacretelle, the learned Society adjudged the prize, consisting of a gold medal of the value of 1500 francs, to a M. Denain. This M. Denain, the happy proprietor of the valuable prize, had never been heard of; and certainly his Poem, though as it should seem the best of those written on the subject, will not give him much celebrity. But it now appears that the successful poet holds opinions precisely opposed to those of the Society of *Bonnes Lettres*—that he only wrote as a sort of experiment to obtain the 1500 francs,—and that having obtained them, he has been the first to make public the mystification, and to ridicule both the Poem and the Society.

I have already mentioned to you that a certain M. Paillet de Warcey had published a History of the Life and Writings of Voltaire. The Minister of the Interior has just purchased a large number of copies for the use of the public libraries and royal colleges. M. de Warcey represents Voltaire, you should know, as a *mauvais fils, mauvais frère, mauvais Français, ami faux, ingrat, menteur, avare*, and above all, as ignorant of orthography. A paper war has been the consequence.

The celebrated Horace Vernet has nearly finished a fine picture of the *Bataille d'Henau*, destined for the *Galerie du Duc d'Orleans*. On the 18th, the *Prise du Trocadero* is to appear in the Diorama; and in April, the Exhibition *biennale* of French Paintings will be opened. A large proportion of them are painted from scenes and events in the late campaign.

M. —, *étudiant en droit*, lately fell in love with a young and beautiful nymph of Terpsichore, whose graces and charms he had contemplated on the stage. But our student was not rich, and with the *folies d'Opéra* gold alone can render a tender passion happy. The epoch of the Carnival presented him with the idea of an original disguise: he wrote to Madlle Brocard in the character of a young English Lord who had lately arrived at Paris, described in bad French his violent passion, and requested an early interview. One of his friends, disguised as a groom in hand-

some livery, delivered the note. Madlle Brocard replied obligingly, and consented to receive the visit of the *riche Anglais* the same evening. Our hero, dressed in a complete English suit, drove up to the door of his beloved in an elegant cabriolet hired for the occasion. He entered, and in broken French repeated the declaration of his passion. The nymph hesitated—the young Lord pressed—the belle was inexorable. The *riche Anglais* at length drew from his pocket several rouleaux, and placed them on the chimney. The hesitation and resistance ceased, and he was happy. After remaining with his amiable friend some time, he withdrew, with promises of returning on the morrow, if permitted. Permission was obtained. No sooner was he gone, than Madlle Brocard seized her rouleaux; but alas! cruel disappointment! instead of finding them, as she expected, full of guineas, they contained only so many francs!

Lille is in a great bustle, occasioned by the appearance of a *phénomène dramatique*. A young man, by trade a rope-maker, took it into his head to *chasser le cothurne* (spout tragedies), and actually performed *Hamlet* in a private theatrical with such success, that he was demanded on all sides, applauded without measure, and finally decided to throw away his ropes and devote himself entirely to the boards.

Bordeaux has been agitated by an event of another kind—a real tragedy. A merchant of that city writes as follows: “M*** had a son and a daughter. Anxious to ensure his son a considerable fortune, he desired his daughter should enter a convent; and though she had a horror for such a life, she consented to become a novice in a house of Carmelites. After a year’s trial she found her situation insupportable, and returned to her father’s house. She was received; and she then showed an attachment to a young friend, who was altogether eligible as a lover, and who aspired to be her husband. Her father refused to listen to the proposition; she was treated with severity, and home became intolerable. She asked permission of her father to return to her convent, and her father was delighted. She was received by the Carmelites with transport, and was promised, as a boon, that the ceremony of the vows should take place as early as possible—at farthest in a month. The day arrived; she rose early, dressed herself, and added the cover of a long white veil. She walked out as if to take the air, and in a moment precipitated herself into a well. Natural instinct struggled with despair, and she cried for deliverance. The neighbours heard her cries; the gate was fast; the nuns, instead of opening it, deliberated on the rules and orders of the house; and at length when help arrived, it was too late—she was no more! The father is overwhelmed; and the brother has shown symptoms of derangement produced by excessive grief.”

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT:

Observe the rippling year. How unperceived
Her seasons change!—
How as they come, these changes come not void
Of mortal shocks.—*Armstrong.*

SINCE our last Report the weather has continued unusually mild; approaching Spring has thrown her green mantle over the furred shoulders of retreating Winter; and, whilst the vegetable world has acknowledged her influence, and the trees have begun to pull-

late long before their time, the human constitution has felt how much it is controlled by the seasons, as far as regards health and disease. Rheumatism, which, as we formerly stated, is a disease excited rather by a moist than by a cold state of the atmosphere, still prevails; but the number of catarrhal complaints is diminished; pulmonary inflammations are less frequent at this season, than in ordinary years; and the fashionable preacher has had little cause to complain, that the intended effect of his appeals to the sympathetic feelings of his audience has been defeated by the unmannerly and reiterated cough. The vendors of drugs and nostrums, on the other hand, fondly complain that the season has proved most unprofitable, as far as respects their accustomed sale, not only of lozenges, lochia, and oxy-mel; but also of camphorated spirit, the spirit of mindererus, of turpentine embrocations, and of other domestic remedies for chilblains; and they affirm, that unless, under Providence, we shall be again blessed with old English winters, the trade, which is already overstocked, will be completely ruined. They have, indeed, poor souls! had more cause of complaint than the regular leech; for, if the ordinary winter diseases have been few, the physician has been consoled with the extended appearance of scarlet fever and of measles, as epidemics.

Every person above thirty years of age must be convinced of the remarkable difference, in point of virulence, between scarlet fever as it now appears, and as it existed twenty years ago. It is not less frequent, nor less infectious, but it is comparatively much milder in its symptoms; and cases of the disease, terminating fatally are, now, almost as rare as were formerly instances of recovery from its attack. To what is this happy change to be attributed? One learned Doctor has published his opinion, that the change produced in the habit by vaccination is the cause; but we believe it may, with more truth, be ascribed to the alteration in the plan of treatment; and we may assert with safety, that the desertion of the hot regimen and of stimulant remedies has not been productive of more advantages in small-pox than in scarlet fever. Bark and wine are now seldom administered until the decline of the disease, and are then given only when the strength has suffered. Instead of confining the patients in hot, unventilated rooms, cool air is found to be as essential in this as in every other form of fever; and, during the eruption, when the heat of the surface is considerable, experience has proved that nothing is more serviceable, and more grateful to the feelings of the patient, than sponging the body with cold or with tepid water. We have even seen lives saved by dashing cold water on the body during the height of the eruption; a fact that we are the more anxious to make public, as we have witnessed the alarm which the proposal of employing the cold effusion has excited in parents; and the reluctance with which their consent to its application has been wrung from them, even by practitioners in whom they have reposed the utmost confidence.

Scarlet fever, under every circumstance, is highly infectious; and the public should be informed, that although the simple variety of the disease, or scarlatina, in the meaning of the term as now employed by the unprofessional, be a complaint from which no alarming effects are to be dreaded, since the fever

generally terminates with the rash, and the strength is usually but little impaired, yet that its infection may generate the severer form of the disease, which is accompanied with high fever, ulceration of the throat, and great prostration of strength. The two diseases are merely varieties produced by the same infection; and either may occur, according to the state of habit in the individual exposed to its influence. When, therefore, simple scarlatina appears in a family, the same precautions should be adopted, as if scarlet fever with sore throat were present; nor should the uninfected be allowed to mingle with the diseased, even after the complaint has subsided, until the old cuticle, which in this form of the disease generally separates like a mealy powder, be entirely cast off. This separation of the cuticle is hastened by immersion in a warm bath; and, in schools and families, every individual who has passed through the disease, should use the bath two or three times, before he again associates with the healthy part of the household. It has been customary to fumigate the rooms of the diseased after they have recovered; and we can recommend to our readers the following fumigation, which may be used even during the attack:—

Take of common salt (which has been dried in a shovel over the fire), two ounces; saltpetre (nitrate of potash) two ounces; oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid) two ounces, by measure; mix the salts together in a china basin; then pour over them the oil of vitriol, and place the basin in a corner of the sick room.

A white and somewhat suffocating smoke rises from the mixture, which is the nitromuriatic acid. It is produced by the oil of vitriol decomposing the common salt and the saltpetre, and extricating their acids, which unite and fly off in the state of a visible gas. This compound acid is supposed to neutralize the infectious matter generated by the disease, and, consequently, to destroy, or at least weaken its power. Whether the infection be neutralized or not, we shall not pretend to determine, but its power is certainly paralyzed by this fumigation, and, therefore, we conceive that the most advantageous method of employing it, is to bring the acid fumes in contact with the infectious matter as soon as it is exhaled from the body of the patient. Another reason which induces us to recommend this simple process in the sick room during the course of the disease, is, that it answers almost as well as a gargle in cleaning the throat when ulcerated.

We have already stated, that we do not mean to promote any thing like quackery by our reports, and, therefore, refrain from giving directions for the medical treatment of scarlet fever. We shall only venture to say, that the success of the modern method of treating it, is chiefly to be ascribed to the administration of cooling medicines, with purgatives, and to a strict adherence to farinaceous and vegetable food, and to weak acidulated fluids, and also to free admission of air into the chambers of the sick, in the commencement of both varieties of the disease. We cannot too earnestly caution our readers from supposing that there is any specific remedy for scarlet fever. When the disease abates, dropsical swellings are not unusual, and have been rather frequent during the last month, particularly when the patients have been incautiously exposed to the damp atmosphere which has prevailed. These consequences of the disease should be combated by calomel and saline aperients, supporting the strength at the same time with a

moderate allowance of wine, and by mild nutritious diet.

Measles, as the disease has lately appeared in the metropolis and its vicinity, has been generally rather severe, and in many instances has terminated fatally among the poorer classes of the community; a circumstance, however, which is to be attributed to the improper ideas which still prevail among the ignorant, with respect to the necessity of throwing out the eruption. For this purpose, the little victims of the malady are placed in heated apartments, whilst saffron and other stimulants are internally administered. We believe that we need not take the trouble of convincing our readers that no plan of treatment can be more dangerous; but we think it should be universally known, that the eruption in measles is dependent on the degree of the fever, and, therefore, when this is mild, the eruption is necessarily less vivid. Measles is, in fact, a catarrhal fever, the crisis of which is a specific eruption, accompanied with a great tendency to inflammation of the lungs, on which account it does not admit of such free exposure to cold air as scarlet fever or small pox. It should, indeed, be treated nearly in the same manner as a severe catarrhal cough. The patient should be confined to bed, in a room kept at a summer temperature, but free from currents of air, and the food should be farinaceous and in a fluid form. Old nurses, who are too frequently the evil geni of sick rooms, are to be disregarded when they insist on giving all the warm beverages, for if it be not very cold weather, the taste of the patient may be consulted; but such counsellors should be listened to, when they advise the employment of purgatives on the decline of the eruption, not, however, to carry off the drags of the malady for which they prescribe them, but because a natural diarrhoea is always the most salutary crisis, and therefore should be imitated. A disquamation, or peeling of the skin, takes place in measles as well as in scarlet fever, and until this is completed, the diseased person is still capable of communicating infection. We are particular in mentioning this fact, because we have seen children who have not had measles, admitted to visit others in whom the eruption has just disappeared, from an idea that the disease is no longer infectious after the eruption has subsided.

In noticing these two epidemics, we have stated the necessity of caution in spreading the infection; but it is perhaps equally necessary to assure our readers that infectious diseases are not communicated by individuals passing to and from the chambers of the sick, under ordinary circumstances. A person who is resident in a house where scarlet fever, measles, or any other infectious disease exists, is shunned, especially by our mothers, wives, and sisters, as if he actually carried the disease in his eyes, and, like the basilisk, could destroy with a look. As he approaches, the rose withers on their cheeks, terror and apprehension are seen in every look and gesture, every nerve is unstrung, and all their mental energies subdued. In consequence of this depressed state of the nervous system, the body becomes more susceptible of the influence of infection than it would otherwise be, and if any fever be at the time epidemic, individuals being thus predisposed, the chances are greatly in favour of their receiving infection. The virus of infectious diseases, whatever may be its na-

ture, is diluted by the air in the ratio of the distance to which it is carried from the diseased body; and, becoming weaker at every step, if we may employ a metaphorical expression, is at length rendered powerless. Within a certain distance only from the sick, therefore, can infection act so as to communicate the disease; and, although some contagions may be conveyed in clothes, yet these must have been worn either by the patient during the disease, or by an attendant who has nursed him in the arms. Were it otherwise, medical men would be itinerant Plagues, conveying disease into every quarter, and, like the ancient Scythians, slaughtering from their chariots. Camphor bags, vinegar bottles, snuff, valerian, rue, and many other things, are useful in securing many persons from disease during the prevalence of epidemics, and in their communications with others ill of infectious fevers, because they inspire them with confidence from a belief in their virtues; but a hearty breakfast, and a disregard of evil effects, are decidedly more efficacious.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

FRIDAY, the 13th instant, being the fourth Anniversary of the Astronomical Society of London, a numerous meeting of its members took place at their rooms in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, when the Chairman (Mr. Cotebrooke) proceeded to distribute the honorary rewards of the Society, viz. the Society's Gold Medal to Chas. Babbage, Esq. F.R.S. as a token of the high estimation in which it holds his valuable invention of an Engine for calculating Mathematical and Astronomical Tables, being the first medal awarded by the Society.

A similar Gold Medal to Professor Encke, of Seeburg in Gotha, for his investigations relative to the Comet which bears his name, and which led to the re-discovery of it in 1822. The Silver Medal of the Society, to M. Karl Runker, for the re-discovery of Encke's Comet; in consequence of the above investigations. And a similar Silver Medal to M. Pons, of Paris, for the discovery of two Comets on the 31st May and 13th July 1822, and for his indefatigable assiduity in that department of Astronomy.

The Chairman prefaced the presentation of each medal by a most eloquent, learned, and interesting address of considerable length, all of which were delivered in the most impressive manner. They were replete with information on the successive improvements in machinery for assisting calculation, as well as on Cometary Astronomy; and we are happy to find, in consequence of a motion made by Davies Gilbert, Esq. M.P. and seconded by John Fuller, Esq. that he condescendingly consented to their publication. The Council and Officers for the ensuing year were then chosen; after which the Society adjourned to a social and elegant dinner at Freemasons' Tavern.

President.—Henry Thomas Colebrooke, Esq. F.R.S. & E. & L.S.
Vice Presidents.—Charles Babbage, Esq. M.A. F.R.S. & E.—Francis Baily, Esq. F.R.S. & L.S.—Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Bart. F.R.S.—The Right Hon. George Earl of Macclesfield, F.R.S.
Treasurer.—Rev. William Pearson, LL.D. F.R.S.
Secretaries.—Olinthus G. Gregory, LL.D. Prof. Math. Roy. Mil. Acad. Woolwich.—John Millington, Esq. F.R.S. Prof. Mech. Phil. Roy. Inst.—*Foreign Secretary.*—J. F. W. Herschel, Esq. M.A. F.R.S. L. & E.
Council.—Major Thomas Colby, Roy. Eng. LL.D. F.R.S. L. & E.—George Dollond, Esq. F.R.S.—Bryan Donkin, Esq.—Captain John Franklin, R.N. F.R.S.—Davies Gilbert, Esq. M.P. Y.P.R.S.—Benjamin Gompertz, Esq. F.R.S.—Stephen Groombridge, Esq. F.R.S.—Daniel Moore, Esq. F.R.S. L. & E. & F.L.S.

LONGEVITY.

THE salubrity of England has considerably increased, and the mortality diminished, for many years past. The results of the population-acts afford satisfactory evidence, that our ancestors did not enjoy the same degree of health and longevity that we do at present. The annual mortality has decreased nearly one-third in forty years. In 1780, the rate of mortality was taken at one in forty; in 1795, at one in forty-five; in 1801, at one in forty-seven; in 1811, at one in fifty-two; and in 1831, the results of the census show a mortality of one in fifty-eight. The limits of human life are the same now as formerly, and will probably always continue the same, but more persons live now to an advanced age than in former times.—*Edin. Phil. Journal.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

At the conclusion of a paper on the remarkable structure of the Trachea in the Cassowary of New Holland, Dr. Knox (in the same Journal) says, "It is now, I think, made evident, that the appendage of the trachea in the Cassowary of New Holland has not the most distant resemblance to those found in other birds; and that in thus differing so singularly and mysteriously from the analogous structure of birds of the Old and New Continent, it fully confirms the opinions of some naturalists, that the living productions of Australasia will, when properly examined, be found to present peculiarities altogether wonderful, and perhaps yet, for a long period, quite inexplicable."

LEARNED SOCIETIES, &c.

RECOVERED MANUSCRIPT.

MILTON's newly discovered Work, which we were the first to announce to the literary world, has, as might be expected, created no small sensation among the learned. In a very short time we hope to lay before our readers more detailed information on this subject than has yet been communicated. We perhaps were remiss in not mentioning before, the name of the gentleman who had the good fortune to discover it: Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, whose labours it has well been said by a contemporary, have laid under no small obligation "all lovers of the history and antiquities of their country," and who on this as on many former occasions has found his researches crowned with success, which the most sanguine could not have anticipated. We stated, when we first announced the finding, that the situation held by Milton, of Latin secretary to Cromwell, might account for the discovery of this manuscript in the State Paper Office. But we understand it is accounted for in a different manner by Mr. Lemon, who is certainly the best judge in a case like this, and we have heard a very different solution of the riddle, which, however, we shall not make public till after further inquiry. It has long been known that some of Milton's labours had been lost to the world.

Dr. Symmons's edition of Milton's *Prose Works* (1806), vol. vii. p. 500, in a note, after mentioning Milton's death on the 8th Nov. 1674, tells us, "An Answer to a Libel on himself, and a System of Theology, called, according to Wood, 'Idea Theologicæ,' are compositions of Milton's which have been lost. The last was at one time in the hands of Cyriac Skinner, but what became of it afterwards has not been traced."

Anthony Wood, in his *Fasti Oxonienses* (1690) says, "He (Milton) began his *Latin Thesaurus* about or after 1635; also the composing of *Paradise Lost*, and the forming a *Body of Divinity* out of the Bible.—Those of his works not yet extant are, the *Body of Divinity*, which my friend Aubrey calls '*Idea Theologia*,' now, or at least lately, in the hands of the author's acquaintance, called *Cyrus Skinner*, living in Mark-lane, London, and the *Latin Thesaurus*."*

The MS. has been stated "to have been identified by a comparison of the hand-writing, which Mr. Todd has examined, and ascertained to be that of Edw. Phillips, the nephew of Milton, (in the first 100 pages, which are fairly copied), and that of one of his two daughters, with many interlineations in that of the other during the remainder of the work, consisting of between 400 and 500 pages." This is in some respects incorrect. The first 100 pages are supposed by Mr. Todd to be in the hand-writing of Mary, Milton's second daughter. The remainder is supposed to be in the hand-writing of Phillips the nephew of the poet, with corrections and interlineations in the writing of both his daughters.

* We also find the following sentence in a *Life of Milton*, published in the year 1690:—"Milton's *Thesaurus Lingue Latine*, designed as a Supplement to Stephens, was never published, and has been of great use to Dr. Liddell in compiling his Dictionary. He wrote, likewise, a *System of Divinity*; but whether intended for public use, or collected merely for his own use, I cannot determine. It was in the hands of his friend *Cyrus Skinner*; and where at present is uncertain." The author, J. T. professes to have learnt all the particulars of Milton's life from his last wife, the papers of one nephew and the conversation of another, and anecdotes furnished by a person who had been Milton's amanuensis. It is evident that Phillips, who was well known to the author, was satisfied of the existence of the work, though he could not find it; and this is strong proof of the authenticity of the present Manuscript.—*Ed. L. G.*

Oxford, Feb. 14.—The Regius Professor of Modern History began a course of Lectures on Friday, the 20th instant, at one o'clock, in Merton College Hall, to be continued on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, till completed.

Rev. W. Buckland, Professor of Mineralogy and Geology, in this University, was, at the Anniversary Meeting on Friday last, elected President of the Geological Society of London.

On Wednesday last the following Degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—Rev. G. Gilbert, Wadham College; Rev. F. Orton, St. Mary Hall; Rev. S. Howe Harrison, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—E. C. Steel, Jesus Coll.; J. Thomas, Pembroke Coll.; Hon. F. Curzon, Brasenose Coll.; W. G. Sawyer, Esq. Balliol College.

Cambridge, Feb. 20.—At a Congregation on Wednesday, the following gentlemen were admitted to degrees:—

Master of Arts.—Rev. J. H. Pinder, Caius College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. C. T. Gladwin, Jesus College.

Bachelor of Arts.—G. H. Woodhouse, St. John's Coll.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

AMONG the multitude of smaller Periodicals which now, in almost all our large towns as well as in London, contend for the honourable palm of diffusing information at a small expense among the poorer but not the least important classes of the people, we often find matters worthy of more enduring record. No doubt many of these will be preserved in future volumes; but in the meantime we may occasionally notice (and thus give, as far as we are concerned, increased circulation to)

any thing that strikes us in our lesser companions.

The *Medical Adviser* appears to us to be rather intemperate upon some questions; on the Tread Mill, for instance, it writes as violently from the testimony of malefactors suffering and hating the punishment, as if their evidence was of the purest kind. This is not very reasonable in the way of argument, and assuredly affords insufficient grounds for personally vituperating men who think differently from the writers as to the utility of this discipline. Raising a clamour is about as bad as puffing a quackery. In exposing the latter, and pointing out to unmeasured reprobation the race of infamous impostors who fatten on public credulity and murder the unhappy patients seduced to trust to them by their impudent pretences, this little work is doing excellent service to the community, and deserves encouragement, were it for that feature alone.

The *Mechanic's Magazine* is another useful collection of intelligence, &c. on subjects connected with Arts and Science.

On a somewhat similar plan is *The Glasgow Mechanic's Magazine*, published where Mechanical Institutions, at present becoming so general, originated. In the last Number of this which we have seen, is an account of Mr. Mackintosh, of Crossbaskets, new Patent Waterproof Double Fabrics, of which we had heard before, though few specimens, we believe, have reached London. This manufacture is made by causing two pieces of cloth, silk, calico, leather, paper, or other substance, to adhere together by means of a solution of Caoutchouc, or Indian rubber, in naphtha; which is very elastic, flexible, and waterproof. Many advantages are mentioned as likely to result from this invention; and probably it may frequently be found useful, though experience teaches us that waterproof dress, from the shoe to the hat, has as many evil as good qualities, and that which resists external moisture is most injurious and inconvenient from retaining internal.

The *Vehicle*, a good selection of miscellanies, has finished its first volume; but pauses on commencing a second. The *Gleaner* takes whole sheaves from the *Literary Gazette*, and we ought therefore to think it a publication likely to be popular. The *Hive* is of the same class, and, like the others, ornamented with wood-cuts; one usually a botanical specimen. It also honours us by borrowing, or rather appropriating as largely as its limits admit. The *Freebooter* has generally very neat lithographic illustrations, and makes up its pages honestly, in spite of its name, from books. The *Portfolio* is another various compilation; and last of this kind, which we observe on our table this week, is *The Mirror*, which has, we understand, a wide circulation. It contains more original articles than the others, (though we are sorry to see that many of them are counterfeits,) and seems to us to be well calculated, as indeed they all are in a certain degree, to diffuse instruction and amusement, where controversy and politics have too long had the field undisputed.

We had almost passed over *The Pulpit*, which has reports of sermons, and criticisms on preachers; seasoned with epitaphs and other grave lightnesses.

There are others, too, but we do not happen to have them before us now; and many of them flash but to vanish, while fresh candidates start up in their room.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

To the general variety which the Gallery exhibits, it may be added, that a similar character belongs to the Landscape department, both in the style of execution and the scenery it displays; and if in the manner of some of the artists, whose works thus interest us, we can perceive no particular change, it is where a degree of excellence has been attained; sufficient to stamp the performances as of superior talent, and where the name of the painter is a passport to regard. Thus, in the *Sylvan Scenes*, Nos. 103. 25. 124, of Mr. Stark, might be anticipated all that we admire in the Flemish School of Art, without its blackness;—in the pencil of *Nasmyth*, No. 378, an execution that may vie with the best productions of the same school; and the mellow Moonlight, No. 227, of Mr. *Hopland*, together with his other studies, are but variations in form from former works, where a judicious choice in his compositions is united with a beautiful truth in detail.

186. Vale of Evesham, with the Malvern Hills, from the Earl of Harrowby's Woods at Norton. W. Linton.—Mr. Linton stands in the rank of those whose works have attained the standard of which we are speaking; and in no production of his that we remember has he displayed more of executive talent than in the view from Lord Harrowby's Grounds; and in No. 142, The Rustic Bridge, an Effect of Morning. In both of these there is a vigour of pencil, a brilliancy of effect, and a power of colouring, well suited to show such local scenes to the greatest advantage.

340. Hillsford, near Linton. F. R. Lee.—There is little in this view itself to interest us—it has, however, enough of the picturesque to recommend it to attention. But, besides this, it possesses qualities that entitle the artist to great consideration: a more beautiful effect we have seldom seen, from the contrast of a clear and pearly sky to a depth and variety of foliage. The foreground we think a little too bare; but there is nothing in Landscape, with the powers Mr. Lee exhibits, which he may not reasonably expect to attain.

345. A distant View of Lincoln. P. Dewint.—A beautiful variety in the feature of Landscape composition, marked by a character that distinguishes Mr. Dewint's works; and in which we recognise great originality in the conduct of his device, colour, and effect.

6. A distant View of Pevensey Bay, Sussex, the landing place of William the Conqueror. Geo. Vincent.—Independent of its historical claim, this performance is a beautiful example of aerial perspective, diversified with abundant variety of picturesque forms.

3. The Windmill. J. Linnell.—This picture is another remarkable variety in the feature of Landscape; its effect is of the extraordinary kind, and belongs to a class of the ideal, in which we perceive something not quite familiar, yet admissible to the imagination. It owes nothing to the glitter of colours, but stands apart like a hermit from his species.

160. Rough Joe; a Study from Nature. W. Owen, R.A.—Of the characteristic Heads which the Gallery presents, Rough Joe claims the admiration and attention of all; and whether in regard to its character, its colouring, or execution, may bear a comparison with the best Heads of ancient or of modern art.

15 and 10. Taking Leave, and Archery. R. T. Bone.—Taste and talent are the charac-

teristics of these little gems. In the picture of Archery there is a grace and liveliness entirely in accordance with the spirit of romance.

72. An Interior. *A. Geddes*.
"So low, my friend! lower thou canst not fall."
For a beautiful little cabinet picture, this Interior is placed so far beneath the eye, that one must stoop indeed to conquer its acquaintance.

809. The Interview between Lady Jane Grey and Doctor Roger Ascham, in 1550. *H. Fradelle*.—If Lady Jane Grey had not been one of the most beautiful, unfortunate, and therefore interesting beings of her day, her knowledge of Greek would perhaps only have added a book or two as accessories to her portrait. As it is, because she did not choose to hunt at the risk of breaking her neck, her reading in her chamber and the admiration of Roger Ascham at such a phenomenon, are made the subject (a poor one) of a picture. It is, however, ably painted, though inferior to several of Mr. Fradelle's preceding productions.

PICTURES SOLD.

191. Fruit, and Still Life, *N. Chantrey*; purchased by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester.
196. Birds, and Still Life, *ditto* ditto.
253. The Young Boat-Builders, *A. Fraser*; Marquess of Stafford.
110. Westminster Abbey, from the Broadway, *C. B. Stanby*; ditto.
20. Simplicity, *Miss E. Jones*; Rev. Wm. Long.
21. The Rat-Catcher and his Dogs, *T. Woodward*; Duke of Bedford.
119. A View near the Town Hall, Guildford, *Charles Deane*; ditto.
239. The Port of London, *ditto*; ditto.
31. A Scene on the Thames, *John Ward*; ditto.
278. A View near Tunbridge Wells, *P. Nasmith*; ditto.
179. A Fishing Harbour, *John Wilson*; ditto.
167. The Billet-doux, *G. S. Newton*; G. Watson Taylor, Esq.
168. Portraits of Game and Birds, from Earlstoke Park, *G. Miles*; ditto.
173. Portraits of Game, *ditto*; ditto.
160. Rough Joe, a Study from Nature, *W. Owen*; the Earl of Darley.
316. A Venetian Page, with a Parrot, *F. Y. Hurlstone*; Earl Grosvenor.
244. The Social Pinch, *A. Fraser*; John Taylor, Esq.
143. La Bella Fornarina, in Raphael's Study, *W. Brockedon*; Hurst & Robinson; as also the four following:
279. A Water-Fall on the Avon, *John Wilson*.
280. Game-keepers Deer Shooting, *J. F. Lewis*.
250. The Foundling, *F. P. Stephanoff*.
202. Puppy and Frog, *E. Landseer*.
203. The Interior of a Stable, *E. Wilde*; the Countess de Grey.
206. An Exterior, *ditto*; ditto.
19. Archery, *R. T. Doss*; Hon. Agar Ellis.
193. Conversation, *ditto*; ditto.
114. A Scene near Wivenhoe, Essex, *W. Rider*; J. Delafield, Esq.
221. A Scene in Stoneleigh Park, *ditto*; ditto.
163. The Rivals, *W. Rhodes*; Esq.; W. Watts.
227. Bolton Priory, Moonlight, *J. C. Hofland*; Earl of Caryfort.
233. Don Quixote, *G. S. Newton*; S. A. Elliott, Esq.
235. The Shipwreck of Falconer, *J. Cartwright*; Captain P. Heywood.
243. Interior, with Dead Game, *C. Stevens*.
246. A Fleet of Transports under Convoy, *J. Cartwright*; Captain P. Heywood.
15. Taking Leave, *R. T. Bone*; P. Ellinor, Esq.
217. Tragedy, *R. Farrier*; ditto.
314. Entrance of the great Cavern in the Peak of Derbyshire, *J. C. Hofland*; Earl of Caryfort.
72. An Interior, *A. Geddes*; Thos. Moore, Esq.
16. The Sally, *F. P. Stephanoff*; E. V. Utterson.
329. Beatrice Listening, *John Budden*; Simon M'Gillivray, Esq.

Select Views in Greece. By H. W. Williams, Edin. Imperial 8vo. No. 1. London: Hurst, Robinson, & Co. Edin.: Constable. This is truly a classical design; and it will, we trust, receive the encouragement it merits. There was a clamour raised against the preservation of the precious remains of Grecian Art, by bringing them to this glorious country, where the spoiler dared not approach; but there can be no voice raised against the species of preservation which is exercised in such works as the present. It opens with an excellent View of the Parthenon, as it now exists; and another (from the pencil of Mr. Cockerell) as it would be, if restored to its original state. A pleasing and appropriate selection of Greek and Latin quotations, though with indifferent English translations by Mr. Patteson of Edinburgh, add interest to the Views. Thus the Parthenon:

Hec Phidias labor, domusque celitus,
Miraculum mundi, Atticæque gloria!
Jocæ cadaver, sitamque sin pulchrior,
Quam postera ætas quod ait pulcherrimum—
is rendered—

Alas! thou perfect form of grace,
Once deem'd of gods meet dwelling place!
Thou master-work of Phidias' hands,
Thou boast and glory of all lands:
Perish'd thou art, yet fairer so,
Than all that later Art can show.

This might have been better and more closely done; and we would advise less liberty of paraphrase hereafter.

The Engravings are about five inches in length, and three in width. That of the Restored Parthenon, by J. Horsburgh, is very fine; and affords as complete an idea of space, distance, multitude, and splendour, as a large and elaborate painting could do. The same may be said of an exquisite View of Athens from the Hill of the Museum, by the same. The other subjects are, the Temples of Erechtheus and Minerva Polias (Protetress of the City;) ancient Sarcophagi, Platan, a gem of moonlight, replete with exquisite feeling and sentiment (engraved by W. Miller); and (ably engraved by James Stewart) an upright landscape of the Acroceranean Promontory, where—

The thunderer, throned in clouds, with darkness crown'd,
Bares his red arm, and flashes lightnings round.
Earth rocks from pole to pole;
Fear walks the world, and bows the astonished soul;
Jove rives with fiery bolt Cæraunia's brow.—*Sophocles*.
The "Infames Scopuli, Acrocerania" of Horace, are well depicted, and make a variety in the selection which is very agreeable.

The plan embraces six Numbers, with six Plates in each; and judging from the specimen before us, we can recommend it in the strongest manner, as embodying the most grateful remembrances and fancies of our early literature, and associating them with what is most delicious in Art. Very brief historical notices would be a great improvement on the plan.

The Works of Antonio Canova. Outlines by Henry Moses. Parts 15 & 16.

THESE parts are equal in execution to any which have preceded them, and superior to several in point of interest. *Venus Dancing with the Graces*, from a basso relievo, in plaster, is a sweet design, and full of animation and beauty. Canova expresses the action of dancing with great talent: variety of attitude and motion are finely displayed in this piece; and a Mars and a Cupid in a state of repose, as spectators, contrast charmingly with the enlivened forms of Venus and her attendants. Other cupids are playfully engaged on the scene. The expression of countenance in the principal figure is excellent.

She dances but for her beloved, and his admiration is sought to be ascertained by a look of infinite passion. We do not think it is so well answered by the calm of the War-god. "Instruction" appears to us to be too tame and desure. Allegorical figures of Piety and Meekness are early productions.—A. D. 1783.

The Death of Priam is a spirited design from Virgil. Charity, a composition of no great merit; Venus, a pure and lovely statue, differing in some respects from that noticed in a former Number, and in our opinion excelling it. Two monumental pieces, and a bust of Leonora d'Este, complete these parts. The conception of the latter evinces great genius; and we cannot even imagine more of character for the adored of Tasso.

Portrait of Mrs. Hannah More; painted by H. W. Pickersgill; engraved by W. H. Worthington; published by J. Hudson.

THIS Print of a very distinguished female conveys a perfect and characteristic idea of her likeness, at that advanced period of life which renders it improbable that we shall ever see a later portrait. The original painting by that admirable artist, Pickersgill, we remember at the Royal Academy; and to those upon whom it made as deep an impression as it did upon us, we need only say, giving the engraver the highest praise, that he has produced a fac simile. Age has not divested the eye of its penetration, nor robbed the countenance of its intelligence. The style is bold and forcible; the lights and shadows strongly contrasted; and the production, altogether, an honour to the arts, and doubly valuable, as preserving the recollection of so excellent an individual.

The Donkey Race.

Published by W. J. Partridge.

THIS is a very ludicrous sketch, on stone, of a scene always provocative of merriment and fun. "The animals are touched with the hand of a master (T. W. are the initials); and it is hardly possible to look at their various grotesque actions, without bursting into a fit of laughter. Nor are the riders inferior, in characteristic humour. The winning Sweep at full gallop; the second, prancing within the verge of hope; the third, almost hopeless; the fourth, tumbling over the neck of his donkey; while the fifth, and last, receives its heels upon its jaw, and backs accordingly, are all imagined with an infinite deal of genuine caricature pleasantry.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

Young Love was once a prisoner kept,
For roaming late in Beauty's bowers;
The nymph surprised him while he slept,
And bound him with a wreath of flowers.
She guards him with her virgin train,
They watch by turns while Love reposes;
Or weave fresh rosebuds for his chain,
For young Love's chains are made of roses.
Yet still Love pined, and only sought
To rid him of his rosy fetter;
For tho' his chains were flowers, he thought
No chains at all would suit him better.
But scarce this discontent began,
And scarce the angry thought had risen,
Before the boy conceived a plan
To free him from his flowery prison.
Twas this—the little artful elf,
While he and Beauty watch'd together,
Resolved at once to free himself,
And bind her in the self-same tether.

One night, the train of nymphs had fled,
 Fatigued with all day's anxious duty;
 And having put young Love to bed,
 They left him to the care of Beauty.
 Then Master Cupid heaved a sigh,
 And drooping low his gaudy plinon,
 He seemed, at once, to Beauty's eye,
 As if resigned to sleep's dominion.
 And now he spoke, and now he stirred,
 And sobbed and smiled; to Beauty's seeming
 The urchin dreamed; and she had heard
 That Love was always fond of dreaming.
 So Beauty watched him late and long,
 Till, feeling rather tired and stupid,
 She sunk, herself, the flowers among,
 And slept beside the couch of Cupid.
 Then Love arose, his rosy bands
 With eager haste he tore apart;
 And bound poor Beauty's eyes and hands—
 But, more than all, he bound her heart.
 Then, high in air, at once he springs,
 With bow, and shaft, and glittering quiver;
 And soaring far, on wanton wings,
 He flew away, alas! for ever!
Brighton. G. F. R.

LINES.

The last links are broken
 That bound me to thee;
 The words thou hast spoken
 Have rendered me free.
 Thy sweet glance, misleading,
 On others may shine—
 Those eyes beamed unheeding
 When tears burst from mine.
 The chain that enthral'd me
 In sadness was worn,
 The coldness that gall'd me
 In silence was borne.
 Though my sorrow subdued me,
 It did not appear;
 Though thy scorn hath pursued me,
 Long, long wert thou dear.
 If my love were deem'd boldness,
 That error is o'er;
 I have witness'd thy coldness,
 And love thee no more.
 Oh! I have not lov'd lightly,—
 I'll think of thee yet;
 I will pray for thee nightly
 Till life's sun hath set:
 And the form my heart cherish'd
 Still in it shall dwell—
 But affection hath perish'd,
 And love—fare thee well!

S.

THE ROBIN—a Comparison.

True, Mary! 'tis a shaded hour,
 And friends are falsely flown;
 Affliction's darkest tempests low'r,
 And thou art left alone.
 But thou canst cheer the gloomy way,
 And share the sorrows too;
 Ah, mid the beams of pleasure's day,
 I ne'er thy value knew.
 So, Mary, when the feather'd quire
 Are wildly warbling near,
 The robin's tones we scarce desire
 To join the chorus here.
 But when, 'mid winter's bleakest hours,
 These minstrels chant no more,
 And leave the lonely woodland bow'rs,
 So musical before—
 Then to my desolated cot
 The Robin speeds his way,
 And shares my hearth, my food, my lot,
 And charms me with his lay. I. O. W. H.

HONESTY NOT THE BEST POLICY.

Ere aught I knew of this world's treasures,
 Its tempting stores or tempting pleasures,
 My good instructors always taught me
 "Honesty is the best policy"—and so I thought me:

But think no more—since, 't'other day,
 Tempted by sparkling eyes to stray,
 I stole a kiss—which gave such feeling,
 I'm ne'er so happy as when stealing.

JEUX D'ESPRIT.

To a Lady, on seeing her take her Watch from her
 Bosom, complaining it did not go right.
 How could you, Mira, think that watch
 The measure'd pulse of time could catch,
 Where time's unknown? for what's placed there
 Loses all sense of time and care.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their honest joys and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor."

WHY aye, day after day we hear and read of
 great men's actions and their fame; but who
 is there beside a shreave of the old block
 would endeavour to snatch from oblivion the
 memorial of the humble Tar? No, no, the
 world's too busy bespattering their foes, or
 bepraising their friends, to heed the "an-
 cient mariner." But to me—oh there is a
 rich treat in it far beyond what the anti-
 quarian feels when he takes the rusty farthing
 out of the vinegar, expecting at least to find
 a CÆSAR. However, I hate detraction—"Jack
 on a son gout" is my old motto. For myself,
 I love to steal in unperceived among a group
 of old Pensioners, and listen to their *tales* of
 the olden time. There is a secret pleasure in
 notoriety when honorably acquired. Ask
 whether he never felt a gratification at
 hearing the whisper as he pass'd along, "That's
 C—the poet, that's the author of —," Well,
 so it is with me; I square my wig by the life
 and braces, get my spectacles a cock-bill,
 mount my sky-scraper hat with a dog-vane,
 and sally forth into the College. A graceful
 bow, like the heave-and-set of a Dutch dogger
 in a head sea, always attends my entry at the
 gates; and I pass on among the loud remarks
 of "That's he! that's the litter-bater gem-
 man—him as sends our yarns for the Head-
 it-er to spin." Once or twice, 'tis true, I
 have been annoyed by some pickled dog wil-
 ling to preserve his wicked jest, who has sent
 a stale quid whistling by my left ear, to show
 his knowledge of Latin in declining *quis-quis*.
 But who is there, unmoved, can look at the
 gray-haired veteran—timber to the heel—his
 mathematical moon-raker topp'd to port, and
 his left arm upon either shoulder swinging
 about like the spanker-boom in a calm, a
 good-humoured smile, and "What cheer!
 what cheer!" for every one he meets? Death
 and he have been playmates ever since he
 was a little powder-monkey in the *Thunder*;
 and though that gentleman has often grin'd
 at him, and smug'd (as the boys say) a bit of
 him now and then, he still lives in spite of
 his teeth, a French abridgment of an English
 work. Oh if I could persuade you once,
 Mr. Editor, to pass an hour at the Jolly Sailor,
 it would leave an impression upon your mind
 never, never to be erased. There all is ho-
 nesty and truth; though to do them justice
 they can stretch the fox a bit, such as seeing
 the Purser running round the grater of Mount
 Vesuvius for making dead men chew tobacco,
 and placing the stoppages of grog to his own
 account; or a long story of the mermaids (as
 they pass'd the ships of a morning watch)
 with their pails, going to milk the sea-cows.
 "Aye, aye, (says old Sam.) I remembers a
 merman in the Mediterranean; he was about
 the civillest fellow of the kind I ever met with,

for after dancing a hornpipe he comes along-
 side, and pulling off his hat to the Captain,
 asked to light his pipe by the binnacle lamp,
 for his wife had got drunk and let the fire go
 out, and they had chips only once a-day." But
 then to hear them talk of wounds and battles,
 while the names of the gallant heroes of the
 wave are as 'familiar in their mouths as house-
 hold words'—names that once warmed the
 Briton's heart with glowing ardour,—Howe,
 Duncan, Nelson, Collingwood, Malcolm, and
 a hundred others, are in their flowing cups
 freshly remembered, and each pointing to his
 scars, will tell of the feats done in his day.
 A few evenings since I took my usual seat in
 the room, (a snug corner being appropriated
 to the absent man,) and resting my head upon
 my hand, appeared involved in thought. "Ah!
 them were the times, messmate, (said Dick
 Wills,) when they used to get their bread and
 cheese raw; bad luck to old — for ever in-
 venting water to grog! Howsomever, we
 are never satisfied, and shouldn't be content
 if they made us Lords of the Admiralty. I
 recollects as if it was but yesterday, when
 Nelson led us at Trafalgar, eh, Hameish?—
 that was a glorious day for England! You
 remember Mr. Rivers, a smart, active Mid-
 shipman, that lost his leg? I understands he's
 a Captain now—a worthier fellow never wore
 a head; nay, there wasn't a man a-board
 (though his precious limb was dock'd) that
 could beat him in going aloft; and I've seen
 him lead down a dance with his wooden pin
 flourishing away as well as the nimblest there.
 Almost the first as was killed fell close to
 Nelson; I shall never forget the look he
 gave! and when he received his own wound,
 'twas as if the shot had pierced every heart
 in the ship. But he's gone, messmate, he's
 gone! Well, here's success to him wherever
 he is; we shall never look upon his like again.
 And my brave Commander, Collingwood, he
 too has slipt his moorings, and got a money-
 ment in St. Paul's, though I can't make any
 thing of it. Mayhap it may be all right, for
 I don't understand harpy-ecture and Greek;
 but yet I should have liked to have seen
 some-ut like himself." "Why, (says Jem
 Breaching,) 'it's the fashion, and they wear
 'em so now—Poor Joe Thomson—he lost his
 life—that Trafalgar business! We were mes-
 mates together in the — frigate. He used
 to tell a comical story about his old mother.
 She was a press-biter or a methodist, I don't
 know which—howsomever, before he got
 press'd, he sailed in a merchant-man, and the
 dame had waited a long time in anxious ex-
 pectation of hearing from him. At last the
 letter arrived at the village, and all hands ran
 to know the news, but the old lady chose to
 peruse it first; and because she could not read
 herself, the clerk of the parish was sent for,
 and then she found that her son 'ad been
 driven into the Bay of Fundi by a pampoose
 right in their teeth. It blow'd great guns,"
 wrote Joe, 'and we carried away the bolt-
 spirit; a heavy sea wash'd overboard the
 binnacle and the companion; the Captain lost
 his quadrant, and couldn't keep an observa-
 tion for fifteen days: at last we arrived safe
 at Halifax.' 'Read it again, neighbour.'
 Again the letter was read. 'Once more,
 neighbour.' This too was complied with; when
 the old girl, thinking she'd got it all by heart,
 sallied forth, big with importance. 'Well,
 Dame, what news, cried a dozen voices. 'Oh!
 my poor son!—I hopes no mischief, dame'
 —Thank God! he's safe! But he has been
 driven into the Bay of Firmament by a bambo-

zle right in the teeth. 'It blow'd great guns'—'La! bless us; what a wonder they wasn't all beat to atoms—well, I wouldn't be a sailor'—'Ah! but that warn't the worst—they carried away the pulpit—a heavy sea washed overboard the pinnacle of the tabernacle—the captain lost his conjuration; and couldn't get any salvation for fifteen days—at last they arrived safe at Hallelujah!' Poor Joe was desperately fond of soaking his biscuit, and always got groggy whenever he could. Once I remember we were refitting in Portsmouth harbour, and lay over on the Gosport side, just above the old Gladiator, and so many hands had liberty every day. It was Sunday afternoon, and the first lieutenant, with the other officers, were walking the quarter-deck. Joe bowed aft, and dowsing his hat, ask'd leave to go on shore. 'No, Thomson,' said the lieutenant, 'it is not in my power.' 'Only for half an hour, Sir.' 'I cannot grant it.' 'I have been five years, Sir, without ever touching land, Sir, and if you don't let me go, I shall die.' 'You know, Thomson, if you go on shore you'll get drunk, kick up a row, and I shall be condemned—besides, the Captain's orders are positively against it.' Away went Joe forward to look over the gangway. Back again he came, 'For ten minutes, Sir; indeed I won't get moon-eyed.' 'Not for one minute.' 'Only let me put my toes ashore.' Well, Thomson, (says the lieutenant,) if you like to go and tramp in the mud there (pointing towards Haslar Hospital) for the next two hours, you're welcome; but not a step further.' 'Thank ye, Sir,' and down below he went. We all pitied him, 'cause he was a hearty fellow, and we knew the officer was only in joke. Up came Joe again; full dress'd. 'I'm ready, Sir.' 'Ready! ready for what?' 'To take a walk, Sir.' 'Why, Thomson, you could hardly think me serious.' 'I hope you won't go from your word, Sir.' A burst of laughter and surprise came from all hands; but Joe persevered, and was actually landed on the mud in his white dress, where he continued to travel to and fro, in the presence of some hundreds of spectators, till his two hours were expired, when he hailed to be taken aboard, and was as perfectly satisfied as he would have been with a week's liberty. He was a dry subject, though always wetting. 'The Gladiator, (said Jack Rattlin,) why that was the time Sir I—C—had his flag flying aboard of her. Him as used to make us march like sodgers, two and two, in the Dock-yard; and one day our midshipman had only three hands ashore, and we were going up to the rigging loft, when the flag lieutenant ordered him to make us fall in agreeable to the regulations. Well, there he was for about an hour facing us to all points of the compass. At last the Admiral catch'd sight of us: 'Halloo! halloo, Officer! what are you doing here?' 'I'm endeavouring to make the men fall in two and two, Sir; but as there are only three of them, I can't do it for the life o' me, though I have been squaring them all manner of ways.' I think I can see him now—his scraper athwart ships, white small-clothes, and military boots, (a famous hand at his legs;) then his eye as keen as a northerly gale. There wasn't a Middle on the station but will remember him all the days of his life; and as for the Warrant Officers, to hear him call out, 'Halloo! Master Carpenter there, with the scupper leather boots!' But he was a smart Officer, and knew his duty, and while he lives may he never forget it.

AN OLD SAILOR.

DRAMA.

NEW BROOMS SWEEP CLEAR.

This old Saying has come to be very indocruously exemplified upon a dramatic occasion within the present week. In our last Number, we gazetted the appointment of George Colman the younger, Lieutenant of Band of Pensioners, &c. &c. to be Licensor of Plays in the room of the late Mr. Larpent; and it seems that he has lost no time in evincing his burning zeal in the new office. A Tragedy, called *Alasco*, and founded on a part of Polish history, was in preparation at Covent Garden Theatre; and of course submitted to the licensor for his "Let it be performed." But, unluckily for the author, there happened to be two characters in his Tragedy, whose sentiments did not please the new Licensor; for, though one of these, an Ultra-royalist, supports his opinions strenuously and vigorously, the other, a Patriot or Liberal, also maintains his republican principles as fiercely and boldly. When we mention the name of the respectable author, Martin Archer Shee, Esq. R. A. (the elegant writer of the Rhymes on Art, and other sterling productions,) we think it can hardly be supposed that he has compromised his well-earned reputation, and the high esteem in which the world holds him, by the expression of any improper feelings, religious, moral, or political, in his *Alasco*. That his dramatic personae speak agreeably to their characters, we readily anticipate from his taste and judgment. No great drama could ever be framed otherwise; and it appears to us to be quite monstrous, at this period, and especially in the existing state of the country, to make the very essence of dramatic composition a ground for exercising an authority, which we consider so odious in the censorship of the French press.

But we are, above all, astonished at Mr. Colman's being the person to commit so harsh and unwise an act. Why, he is the author of "Broad Grins," of "Vagaries," and of "Vagaries Vindicated, or Hypocrite Hypocrites;" he was educated at Aberdeen, and understands Latin; and perhaps may remember to have heard of persons apt "vitia aliena censura nota perstringere, sua pretereire." We are really indignant at this matter. We cannot believe that the man who in John Bull makes an oppressed Brazier seize the seat of justice which has been disgraced by want of integrity,* could find any stronger sentiment to object to in a play from the pen of Mr. Shee; and we trust that we are not to be amused with a revival of "The greater the sinner, the greater the saint." This is a public question. We have always paid our willing tribute to the wit and hu-

* "Sir Simon. You are growing saucy. Leave the room, or I shall commit you."

"Joh. Commit me! you will please to observe, Sir Simon, I remember'd my duty, till you forgot yours. You asked me, at first, to sit down in your personae. I knew better than to do so, before a Bartolot and a justice of peace. But I lose my respect for my superior in rank, when he's so much below my equals in fair dealing: and, since the magistrate has left the chair, (Slams the chair into the middle of the room.) I'll sit down on it (Sits down.) There is—'Tis as it should be. I'll'd by somebody—and, damn me if I leave the house till you redress my daughter, or I shame you all over the county."

"Sir Simon. Why, you impudent mechanic! I shoudn't wonder if the scoundrel call'd for my clerk, and sign'd my mittimus. (Rings the bell.) Fellow, get out of that chair."

"Joh. I shan't stir. If you want to sit down, take another. This is the chair of justice: it's the most uneasy for you of any in the room."

mour and talents of Mr. Colman; and therefore we feel ourselves the more at liberty to arraign his conduct in this instance, and express an opinion which ought to have weight with him in the administration of his new duties; otherwise he will make a sad example of the impropriety of appointing literary men, and especially dramatic writers, to judge of other literary men and dramatists.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Saturday and Tuesday *Il Barbieri di Siviglia* was performed, as indicated in our last, and drew much better houses than its precursor *Zelmira*. Vestris could not execute the music of her part; but sang and acted very sweetly. Benetti proved himself an acquisition to the Theatre; but not so important a one as was expected. We doubt not, however, he will improve on acquaintance, as he seems to have much science in his head and good management in his voice.

Sinclair, we rejoice to hear, is engaged to sing at this Theatre with Catalani. The same accomplished vocalist, in union with that other luminary, Abraham, is to appear at the Oratorios. We trust that some competent person will compose a duet or two for them to sing together. What a treat it would be.

DRURY LANE.

THE only novelty, if such it may be called, that has lately been produced at this Theatre, is the revival of the very heavy and unentertaining Romance of *Lodovico*. Formerly, when the town was not so much satiated with Spectacle, the excellence of Storaes's Overture, and the heroine's first song, with the beauty and fine acting of Mrs. Crogell, procured for it a much more favourable reception than it was justly entitled to, and it had, consequently, a considerable run. Now, however, it presents but few claims to favour. Miss Povey is any thing but interesting, and certainly very little like a captive princess; and Horn makes but an indifferent and listless Floreski.—The Scenery is cumbersome and ill-arranged; and had it not been for the exertions of Harley and Wallack, the piece would, in all probability, not have survived its representation more than a single night. It may be asked, indeed, whether the Public require so many of these gaudy Entertainments. In better days they were reserved for Christmas and Easter. Now it is holiday-time all the year round, and the Manager seems to pay much greater attention to his four-footed actors than his two; and to encourage the labours of his scene-painter, his tailor, and his decorator, more than all the rest of his establishment put together.—On Monday two of these tawdry productions were played the same evening. This is "out-heroding Herod."—*O tempora, O mores.*

COVENT GARDEN.

WE are happy to find that the favourable opinion we formed of the New Opera has been sanctioned in a manner that must be highly acceptable to the Proprietors; for several crowded houses have witnessed its representation. It would indeed have been a proof of miserably bad taste had it been otherwise, for so many attractions have rarely been brought together in a single performance.—Miss Tree, whose finely formed shape is exposed in the elegant and tasteful dress of the youthful Cavalier, has acquired more confidence than she assumed at its first representation, and her delineation of the pert, flippant, and affected coxcomb is exceedingly

humorous and happy. Neither must we forget her dancing, which is so graceful that the little Pax Denx between herself and Miss Paton is nightly encored. Sinclair is also more at home, and executes some of Rossini's and Bishop's music with a degree of truth and science peculiarly his own. Miss Love, too, is brought more than ordinarily forward, and plays the Soubrette with considerable archness and vivacity. We would recommend her, however, not to let her spirits run quite away with her. In this character she treads on dangerous ground, and the greatest caution is requisite in one or two of the scenes to render them acceptable to the whole of the audience. One action in particular with which she accompanies an observation to her husband might certainly be either modified or altered. She will know to what we allude—and in the mean time we will recommend to her perusal the following lines of Hamlet's Advice to the Players:—

"Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature."

POLITICS.

Nothing of importance has occurred in Parliament, but every thing goes on smoothly.—In Spain, some relaxations of the severe system are apparent; and in Greece, the Greeks are doing as much for their cause as could be hoped.

VARIEES.

Pompeii.—A folio volume, with 167 plates, has lately issued from the Royal Printing Office at Naples, under the title of *Gli ornati delle pareti e di pavimenti delle stanze dell'antica Pompei*; that is to say, "Decorations of Walls and Pavements of Rooms in ancient Pompeii." It consists of representations of arabesque, mosaic, and other ornaments found in the ancient houses of that city. Many of the groupes and compositions are interesting to the artist and the antiquary; among them six drawings of the arenas of the Amphitheatre, now destroyed.

Epicharmus.—A treatise has just been published at Leipzig, written by M. Harless, on the fragments remaining by Epicharmus, supposed by some persons to have been the inventor of Comedy. According to M. Harless, Epicharmus was born in Sicily, between the 60th and the 62d Olympiad, and was received into the school of Pythagoras about the sixty-eighth Olympiad. It was in the time of Gelon, that his comedies were represented at Syracuse. In investigating the question, whether or not Epicharmus was really the inventor of comedy, M. Harless shows that there are indications of comic writers more ancient; but he is of opinion that Epicharmus improved what existed before his time, and entirely changed its form. His catalogue of pieces by Epicharmus is much more complete and extensive than that by Fabricius, and much more valuable also than that by Meursius.

Lithochromy.—M. Malaplan, of Paris, has opened an exhibition in that city, of works of lithochromy, a new invention, the process of which he describes to be that of painting in oil on stone, and printing impressions on canvas, similar to pictures. The French critics and connoisseurs are much divided in their opinion on the merits of these productions. By some, they are highly praised;

by others, they are considered as utterly contemptible. The latter class also express a strong suspicion that the principal part of the effect, indifferent as it is, is produced by the pencil, after the impressions are taken off.

The Comptonium.—Under this name an instrument has lately been exhibited in Paris, which holds a high rank among modern inventions. It is also called a Musical Improvisator; and is a kind of barrel-organ. What distinguishes it, however, from all that have hitherto appeared is, that it not only performs with singular precision the pieces of music which are marked upon it, but, which seems almost incredible, that it improvises! A theme is written on the barrel; the Comptonium plays it over, to render it familiar to the auditor; and afterwards, left to itself, and without any external impulse, it executes an infinity of variations on the same theme! However complicated the variations, they are always in strict accordance with the rules of composition.

Rome.—The journal called *Le notizie del Giorno* has published Tables of the Population of Rome, by which it appears that last Easter the capital of the Christian world contained 136,269 inhabitants. In 1814 there were only 120,505. The number of deaths continues, since the year 1817, to exceed that of births. Last year 5480 persons died, and only 4305 were baptised. The deaths are to the population as 1 to 24.4-5; the births as 1 to 21.1-5. There are at Rome 27 bishops, 1395 priests, 1665 monks and friars, and above 400 seminarists.

Errante.—A necrological notice of the Chevalier Giuseppe Errante, a celebrated painter, who died at Rome in 1821, has just appeared from the pen of the Abbé Cancellieri. Giuseppe Errante was born at Trapani, in Sicily, in 1760. Having commenced his studies in his native country, he repaired to Rome to complete them. There he became intimate with a number of learned men, and especially with the Abbé Spedalieri, his countryman, and one of the most eminent philosophers of his time. While young, Errante distinguished himself by imitating the great Masters, such as Raphael, Titian, the Caracchis, Domenichino, and above all, Correggio, so nearly, that his copies were frequently mistaken for the originals. His merit was justly appreciated by the King of the two Sicilies; but circumstances prevented him from profiting by the Royal protection, and he passed the greater part of his life at Milan, where he distinguished himself, notwithstanding the brilliant renown of Apollini, who eclipsed all the other artists his contemporaries. Among Errante's best works are, "Artemisia weeping over the Ashes of Mausolus;" "The Death of Count Ugolino in the midst of his Children;" "The Competition of Beauty;" "Endymion;" various pictures of "Psyche," &c. Several of these subjects were successfully engraved by his pupils. Errante published a new mode of restoring pictures; and also two Memoirs, the one, "On the Colours employed by the most celebrated Italian and Flemish Artists;" the other, "An Essay on Colours." He had intended to write a Treatise on the Study of Muscular Motion in a Living Body in Action; but death prevented him from completing that and several other works, which his fertile imagination had suggested to him. It is in contemplation to erect a monument to him, to be executed by the Sicilian sculptor, Leonard Fennino.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Of the forthcoming work entitled *Sayings and Doings*, by Mr. Theodore Hook, we hear a tempting account, that it is very clever and full of humour. The originals of all the principal characters are said to be drawn from the author's own acquaintance; and he has seen much of varied life with the eye of a shrewd observer.

Mr. Barry Cornwall has been engaged for some time past upon a Drama (interspersed with lyrics, choruses, &c.) founded upon one of the superstitions of the olden time. The story is Spanish; but it will not, we believe, be published before next season.

A Society, under the patronage of His Majesty, has long been established, for abolishing the practice of employing children to sweep chimneys. A volume, in prose and verse, to be entitled "The Climbing Boy's Album," containing contributions from some of the most eminent writers of the day, illustrated with Engravings from designs by Cruikshank, will be published in the course of the present season. The object of this work will be to draw public attention more earnestly than heretofore to the practicability and the necessity of discontinuing one of the most cruel and flagitious usages in existence.

There is announced a new Romance, called "The Witch-Finder;" the incidents of which are taken from that period when the opinions of the British Solomon, as set forth in his "Demonology," were in all their force and most fruitful of murder. It will contain some curious anecdotes of that period, with descriptions of the situation of the country connected with the drama during the reign of the Puritans.

A new Oriental Poem, entitled *Abdallah*, is announced to appear shortly, and to contain a description of Arabian Character, Manners, and Scenery, about the time of Mohammed; with numerous Notes and Authorities.

The Rev. W. S. Gilly announces a quarto Narrative of an Expedition to the Mountains of the Pyrenees, and searches among the Vandals; with Illustrations of the very interesting history of these Protestant Inhabitants of the Cottian Alps; and an Appendix, containing Documents from ancient MSS.

Captain Brookes has the following works nearly ready for the press: viz.—1. Narrative of a short Residence in the Norwegian Lapland; with an Account of a Winter's Journey, performed with rein deer, through Norway, Russia, and Swedish Lapland, interspersed with numerous Plates, and various particulars relating to the Laplanders.—2. Lithographic Illustrations of a Journey across Lapland, from the Shores of the Polar Sea to the Gulf of Bothnia, chiefly with rein deer, and during the month of December; showing the manner in which the Laplanders perform their winter expeditions, and the appearances of the Northern Lights, and the most striking features and incidents that occurred during the above period.—3. The second Number of the Northern Scenery.

Edinburgh Review.—The following subjects are discussed in the forthcoming Number:—Present Policy and future Fate of Arbitrary Governments; Punishment of untied Prisoners; Combination Laws; Restraints on Emigration, &c. &c. By Maykut on Ancient Armour; Office of Lord Advocate of Scotland; Early Narrative and Lyric Poetry of Spain; Appellate Jurisdiction of the Lords; Court of Chancery; East India Company's Monopoly; Price of Tea; The Holy Alliance; Mineralogical Systems, &c. &c.

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METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday..... 12	from 30 to 48	29.95 to 29.49
Friday..... 13	30 to 45	29.26 to 29.95
Saturday..... 14	30 to 43	29.79 to 29.15
Sunday..... 15	32 to 42	29.28 to 29.49
Monday..... 16	35 to 40	29.32 to 29.41
Tuesday..... 17	35 to 41	29.38 to 29.31
Wednesday..... 18	38 to 40	29.25 to 29.34

Prevailing winds S.W. and N.E.—Rain falls 1 in. and 3.65 of an in., of which 1.125 fell on the night of the 13th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Anonymous notices cannot be received.—We have every week to regret the disregard paid to our information, that letters, papers, &c. sent so late as Thursday evening and Friday morning, lose their chance of attention. The number of our impression compels us to go to press early on Friday, or even with the rapidity of a steam engine, at work all night and printing about 600 an hour, we could not publish at a proper hour on Saturday. Friday is, therefore, of necessity devoted to typographical corrections, and taking up the *Gazette* into form; and we cannot then insert new matter.

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